

The Australian

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

FEBRUARY 29, 1956

PRICE

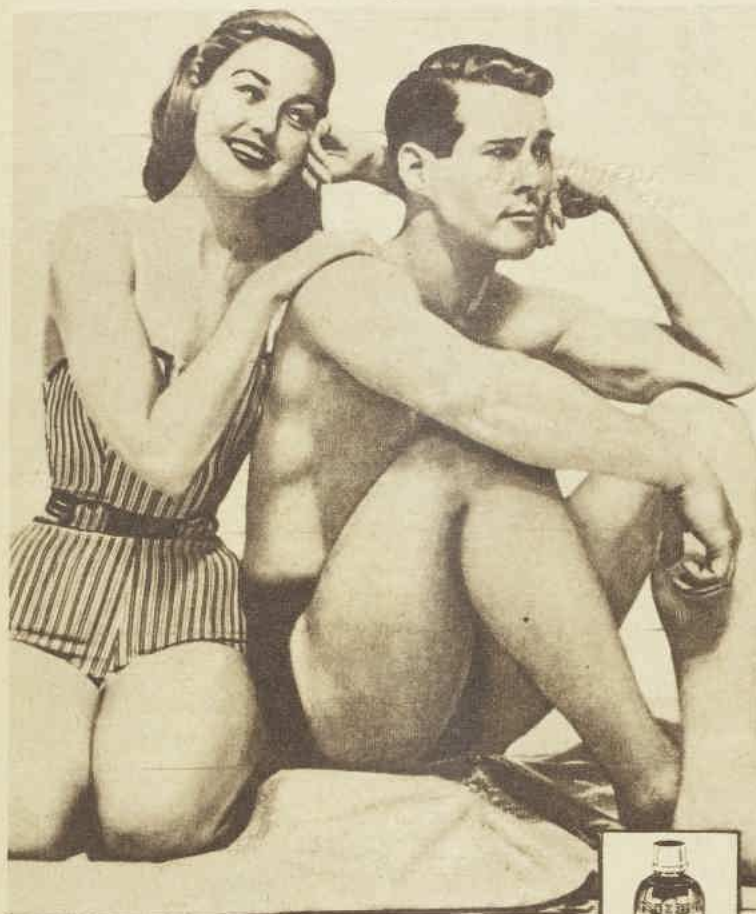


**AUTUMN
FASHION
ISSUE**

**THE NEW HATS
ARE BULKY**
See pages 16-17



You can lose him quick
when your *Charm* starts slipping!



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTHPASTE!

Germ is the major cause of bad breath—and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine. Instantly, by millions.

Take Mary Ann's case. She was such a success at the attractive little seaside hotel, with the most handsome man there paying her lots of attention. Then all of a sudden his interest turned to indifference. She simply couldn't account for it—but what she didn't realise was that her charm had started slipping. It could happen to any girl (it could happen to you) when she lets halitosis (unpleasant breath) get the upper hand.

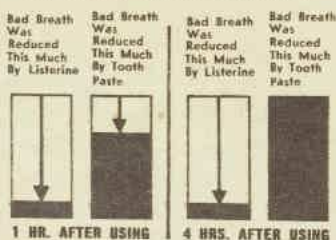
The more you reduce germs in the mouth the longer the breath stays sweeter.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Listerine kills germs

—stops bad breath instantly and usually for hours on end.

Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces—the teeth, mouth, throat. Listerine kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odour-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE



TOOTH PASTE DOESN'T DO IT—

No tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with antiseptic germ-killing action.

Listerine

... the most widely used antiseptic in the world!

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 183C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 38A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 17 James St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

FEBRUARY 29, 1956

Vol. 23, No.

WHAT A SUMMER!

OFFICIALLY this week is the end of summer. And what a summer it has been!

Rain, hail, wind, snow, heat, humidity, storms, cyclones—everything in the weatherman's book has been hurled at the continent during the past three months.

For those who like to talk about the weather (and who doesn't?) it's been a bumper season. As well as the usual gambits about how wet/cold/hot/dry it has been, the weather conversationalist has a new and absorbing line—the bomb or not the bomb?

A few years ago when people, shaking their heads solemnly every time their corns twinged, started muttering about "those atomic bombs" being the cause of it all, nuclear physicists sniffed scornfully.

Lately, though, as the whole world's weather seems to have turned topsyturvy, a little less certainty is creeping into scientists' denials. A few have even changed their cry from "Absolutely impossible" to "H'm... well... maybe."

This uncertainty doesn't matter much to those whose interest in weather is purely conversational, but it's not so good for those whose livelihood depends on the beastly stuff—people like farmers and fishermen, ice-cream sellers and umbrella-makers.

But just what they can do about it is hard to see. Improved forecasting, which could be achieved by establishing more meteorological stations, might help those dependent on the weather to guard against its vagaries.

But all the predictions in the world won't stop the seasons from being unseasonable.

And, judging from this summer, that's just what they intend to be, making it look as if fishermen had better take up farming while ice-cream men go into the umbrella business.

Our cover:

● Famous French model Bettina is a lovely lady with the intriguing eyes of an equally intriguing hat. Created by Balenciaga the hat is a great bell of stiffened tulle, trimmed with deep red roses and a long trail of white ribbon. Bettina is the girl whose name has lately been romantically linked with that of Aly Khan.

This week:

● Our office has been interested, to the point of argument, in the new fashion in this issue. The bulky hats from Paris have met with a variety of responses, some people declaring they wouldn't be seen dead in one while others are rushing off to the milliners around the corner to get a bulky bonnet built. A hit with the whole feminine attitude, though, is Givenchy's white swansdown which Betty Keep mentions in her A.B.C. of Fashion. Practically everyone can picture herself floating about in swansdown—everybody that is, except Mrs. Keep. "Definitely not office wear," says Betty firmly, quelling pipe-dreams.

● Viscountess Savernake, who wrote a story about having babies at home, was formerly Edwina Wills, a member of a wealthy tobacco family. Only 22 (she'll be 23 on March 13), the Viscountess was exiled from England during the war and spent several of her childhood years staying with novelist Louis Bromfield on his farm in Ohio, U.S.A., where she apparently fostered her talents for writing. She's been contributing her articles to newspapers ever since she was a debutante of the year in 1951. Her great ambition is to write a book. It will be a historical novel about Scotland—a country she knows well and loves.

Next week:

● Barbecues are becoming increasingly popular and a special section will give you all sorts of information about them, from how to build one to what to cook on it when you have built it.

● For Johnnie Ray fans there'll be a big color pin-up of their idol, who's due back in Australia soon.

● Author Colin Simpson, recently returned from Japan, has written a most interesting account, illustrated with color pictures, of the Australian Embassy in Tokyo.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

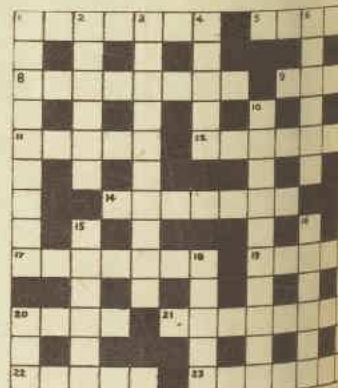
ACROSS

- 1 and 8. CREDIT (7).
5. If happens when a chess player gets married (5).
9. Measure in a troop in transit (4).
11. I do it. Take care; you could become an utter fool (5).
12. They could not replace the Golden Calf (3, 4).
14. Cold wind and poet of Provence (7).
17. Rare ant (Anagr., 7).
19. College at Oxford or just a windowed recess of it (5).
20. The Duke of Albany and the Duke of Cornwall were his sons-in-law (4).
21. Device of skill if frozen water follows (8).
22. Hazel catkin or just a cat (5).
23. Angry reprimands of persons in the navy (7).

Solution will be published next week.

PICKWICK SACK
A E L G N I
T A D D L E E M D E N
S D A N E G
R U T L I R I T E S W
F E N I L L E
A I R G A N G E C A N
M G G R H C
I B R U S H E R A S E
L R E O A I S
I T E M S U N D E R L
A A T S E A
S U M P D E T R I T U S

Solution of last week's crossword.



DOWN

1. Lukewarm, though contains an ice load (9).
2. Alarm signal given with a bell (6).
3. Celtic Lear (Anagr., 10).
4. Woman's garment mostly a literary squib (3).
6. Honors examination at Cambridge (6).
7. To be exact the I's should receive it (3).
8. Sit on a goat if you are opponent (10).
13. Leisurely walkers (9).
15. Parts of the body? Yes, you have to blow them? Yes, you No (6).
16. Man is ape-like if I am in (6).
18. Very human shortcoming (4).
20. Part of the body which can be cheek, though it's not the cheek (3).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 29, 1956

Tall Girl IN HOOPS

It was to be a nation-wide campaign, "Crinolines for Women"... an amazing idea makes this amusing story

By OWEN FITZHENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



MR. WARD, director of the Nu World Advertising Agency, ate a handful of benzedrine tablets. Then he spoke to his two copywriters.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I visualise a tall woman. Tall, aloof, and haughty. A thoroughbred." He frowned at the men. "You understand?"

They nodded. "Now," continued Mr. Ward, "comes the point. Not only do I visualise her as a haughty woman, but also as a fun-loving teenager, an unspoiled, lovable girl. You understand?"

They shook their heads. "Nor do I," admitted Mr. Ward. He sighed and ran his hands through his charcoal-grey hair. "But we have to find her," he declared.

The copywriters shuffled their feet. "Mr. Ward," said George Morgan. "Would you mind telling us exactly why you want this woman?"

"The Crinoline Look," announced Mr. Ward. He glared at his audience. "Do you realise, gentlemen, that in the Victorian age women were happier, more content than now? And do you know why?"

They shook their heads. "The crinoline made the Victorian women content," said Mr. Ward. "It gave them a feminine allure. Look at the women today!" Mr. Ward hit his desk. "Urchin looks, pedal-pushers, and page-boy cuts. No femininity." He leaned across the desk and dramatically whispered: "How would you men like to go home at night after work and find a woman, a real woman?"

The men nodded eagerly, then shook their heads. "But we're not married," they said. "Don't make difficulties," said Mr. Ward sharply. "From now on our motto is: 'Girls, be feminine, wear a crinoline.'"

"The Imperial Garment Company wants us to introduce the Crinoline Look to the world. You both know the Imperial Garment Company."

"Certainly," acknowledged Ron Gleeson. "We handled their 'Girls, Wear the Pants' campaign last year. Tartan pedal-pushers and all that."

"O.K.," said Mr. Ward. "Let's forget that, huh? I.G.C. now wants the girls to wear the hoops. It expects some difficulty. The girls might not like this backward step. It is our mission to educate them."

"First, we need a symbolic woman. Think of crinolines and you think of that tall, haughty woman. But that limits our market."

"The gay, laughing typist, the high-spirited factory girl need crinolines. Every woman needs a crinoline. They don't know that yet. But we will tell them. That is our aim — a crinoline on every woman."

Mr. Ward raised his arms to the fluorescent tubes. "Gentlemen, sharpen your pencils, sharpen your eyes. I want that woman and I want copy about her fast."

He waved his hands in dismissal. The men trooped out of the room. Mr. Ward called after them: "Gentlemen, I wish you

You'll need it, he thought, and moodily munched more benzedrine tablets.

The two copywriters took their problem to the Man of War Hotel.

"The way I see it," said George Morgan, "is this way. A series of pictures right down a full page, showing crinoline-clad girls jumping through hoops. And the line above: Hoop Happy."

Ron Gleeson dismissed the idea. "How does a crinoline-clad girl fit through a hoop? Me, I see a semi-haughty woman smuggling up to an aspidistra. And the line: Nothing New Under the Sun. Then follows a lot of lies about how crinolines never really went out of fashion. They were just forgotten. How does that affect you?"

"Like a hole in the head," said George. He beckoned the barmaid. "A beer for me and a hemlock for Mr. Gleeson."

Ron said to the barmaid: "Elsie, would you wear a crinoline?"

Elsie laughed. "Of course not."

"Why not?"

"Well," she said, "you couldn't sit down in it, for one thing."

"My word, that's a thought," admitted Ron. "I didn't think of that."

Elsie asked if crinolines were to be revived.

"By popular demand," said Ron. "For years women have been clamoring for crinolines. At last the day has come."

"Huh," said Elsie. "they'll never last."

Ron was indignant. "That's what they said about the aeroplane. Now look at the sky — black with silver-winged, man-made eagles, the heavens echoing the sound of their triumphant majesty —"

George interrupted the eulogy. "Just turn around, but slow," he whispered. "Look through the door."

Ron looked. His eyes glistened. "My boy," he said. "It's just what the psychoanalyst ordered."

"Can you imagine that in a crinoline?" asked George.

"Delectable," breathed Ron. "We must get that creature by hook or by crook."

"By hoop or by crook," amended George. They advanced on the creature.

"Don't forget she's mine," warned George.

"I saw her first."

"You'll need assistance," said Ron.

"You need a man of the world. Me. Mr. Big of 1956."

This is wonderful, thought Doreen

To page 44

She was tall, aloof, and haughty — exactly the sort of woman who could wear a crinoline.

Fourth instalment of a five-part serial
BY AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

The Golden Journey



**Fly the Royal
Route to Europe with
KLM the World's
first airline**

You see more and do
more at no extra cost

It's just another KLM service . . . this wonderful Multi-Stopover Plan that permits both first and tourist class passengers to see more and do more and pay not a penny extra in fares. Let us tell you how you can arrange a "stopover" — of a few hours or a few days — along hundreds of different routes on your way through Europe. The Royal Dutch Airlines link 106 cities in 68 countries . . . and fly you to your destination smoothly, luxuriously, dependably.



SUPERB HOSPITALITY has made KLM the airline preferred by most experienced travellers. It's on personal recommendation that 9 out of 10 passengers fly KLM.

Your Travel Agent is an Expert. . . Tell your Travel Agent where you want to go and how much you wish to spend. With his knowledge he can smooth your trip, save you time and money.

KLM BOOKING OFFICES

Sydney: Foyer, Hotel Australia, 45 Castlereagh Street.
B.W. 1986. Melbourne: Foyer, Hotel Australia,
266 Collins Street. Central 4122. General
Agents in other States: ANA Ltd.



UGLY HAIR GONE in 3 minutes



It's easy — this new way! No need to use a razor which makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. Leave for 3 minutes. Wash off and every trace of hair is washed away with it leaving your skin velvety smooth. No soreness

— no stubble. And Veet keeps legs satin-smooth too. Veet keeps your skin hair free longer. Success guaranteed or money refunded. You can get Veet at all Chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 4/11. Medium Size 3/-. NWS

THE marriage of lovely ANNE KIRKLAND and PAUL DEVEREUX, rising young lawyer and aspiring politician, is ideally happy, despite the fact that Anne is paralysed following a car accident. Actually, Anne's father, wealthy and influential JAMES KIRKLAND, after hearing from DR. HERTZOG of a similar case that was cured by extreme pain in childbirth, offered Paul his political backing if he would marry Anne in the hope of achieving a similar cure.

Though Paul angrily rejected Kirkland's proposal he fell genuinely in love with Anne at first sight, and now their marriage is further gladdened by the prospect of a child.

Meanwhile, thanks to Kirkland's backing, Paul's political career is going ahead well, and he scores a brilliant success when he delivers a patriotic address at a Memorial Day rally arranged by JOHNNY BOVARD. But he is worried by growing suspicions that Kirkland is involved in graft, especially after discovering that his right-hand man, ARNO MALLOTTE, is in league with the gangster racketeer CAMPONELLI.

Paul thrusts these suspicions aside, and they spend a joyful Christmas to which Anne's grandmother, MRS. CATHERBY, and MR. HARTWELL, senior partner of Paul's law firm, are invited. NOW READ ON:

DURING the week Paul became more and more conscious of Mrs. Catherby's influence upon the family, and even upon himself. She was wise with the rich wisdom of a finely cultivated mind and the long experience of the years. She was witty as well as wise and kind in addition to all.

As a final link to bind them, her love of poetry equalled his own. She asked him once about his work and listened attentively. He found himself worried by what Mr. Kirkland had called the "politician's color."

"How, I keep asking myself, can I be honest and still get ahead in this game?" he asked her earnestly.

Mrs. Catherby smiled. "That hateful monosyllable how, as Luther called it. It rises to confront us no matter what game we're playing. How did the world begin? How does it keep going? How can we best serve its progress? Never any end to the hows, but they're always a challenge. And as to your particular one I feel you'll be able to meet it . . . you and Anne."

"You include her in it?"

"I think you'll discover you can't leave her out," she said quietly. And then, "Paul, I want to talk to you about the . . . baby. I'm disturbed over Jimmy's attitude. He's so sure this will be the miracle that will cure her. He told me last night that he's phoned Dr. Hertzog in Europe twice already. The doctor has made certain suggestions and has promised to come over, at the time. But I am afraid Jimmy is too confident of this. Of course," she added a little sadly, "I can't help hoping myself."

"Nor I," Paul answered, "but I don't let myself dwell on it, I'm worried about Jimmy, too. Ever since we've been married, he seems to be under the pressure of strong excitement. It's not good for him. I tried to make him see reason once, but it was no use."

"I know," she said. "All his life he has been able to bend people and events to his will, except in the case of those he loved most. My daughter's death was beyond all his power and wealth to prevent, and then Anne's accident. I feel the greatest pity for him. As I've often said, I don't approve of him and his methods, but I love him deeply. Ah, well," she sighed, "we'll all keep hoping. I'm a great believer in miracles myself, but do try to hold him as steady as you can."

There was always this easy flow of conversation between them. And on New Year's afternoon, when they all helped her into her car, Paul kissed her as tenderly as did the others.

Because the firm had been so lenient with him during his campaign work, Paul tried now to give extra time to the office, even during the lunch hour. He found not far away, on the first floor of an office building, a small hole-in-the-wall food

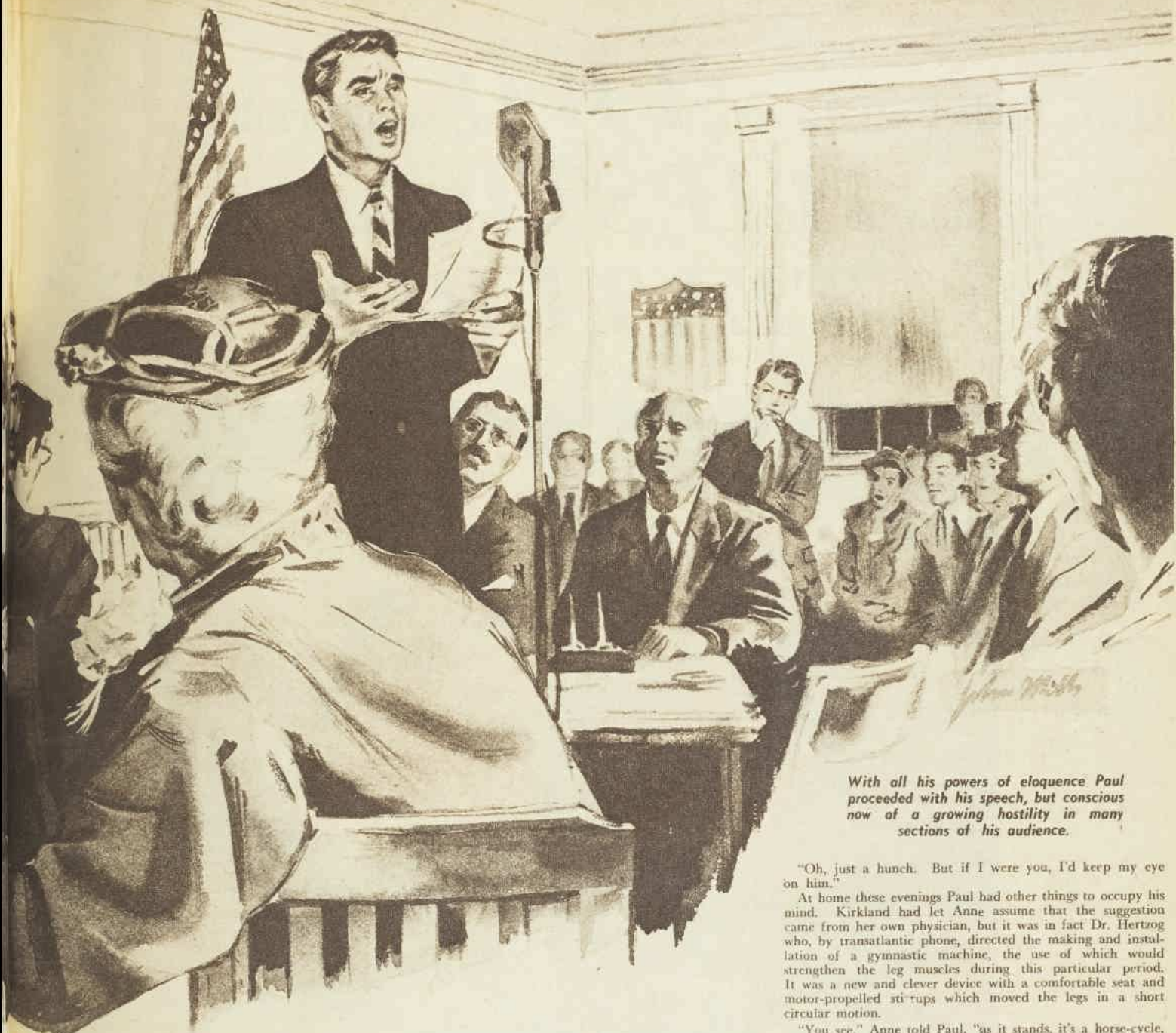


bar, which he began to patronise regularly. The menu was limited but good, the service quick, and the man behind the counter jovial and efficient. The same customers seemed to come day after day to sit upon the high stools and partake of coffee and sandwiches. Paul, with his usual interest in people, watched them. Stenographers and elevator boys, he would guess, along with a few shabby old men made up the clientele. One man, whom he found it hard to place, was always on his stool at the farthest end.

The proprietor was apparently known to all as Bill. With miraculous deftness he slung the food along the counter, then presented each customer with a check, gathered it and the money in with a swift sleight-of-hand movement, made change at the cash register, and repeated the same performance over and over. He fascinated Paul, but more than that he felt certain undercurrents about him as he sat on his stool watching. He was certain that several times his eyes had caught a customer putting another slip of paper under the check as it was handed back with money to Bill; he had intercepted also certain looks between the latter and the man who always sat at the end. They were knowledgeable glances.

Another thing interested him. Once a customer had come in in a high state of elation. No reason for it was given and yet Paul with his keen perception had a feeling that it was understood all the way around the high stools.

One day, suddenly the truth struck Paul. Bill, behind the counter, was selling something more than sandwiches; he was selling policy slips; these customers were "writing numbers" and the man always at the end must be a so-called



With all his powers of eloquence Paul proceeded with his speech, but conscious now of a growing hostility in many sections of his audience.

"Oh, just a hunch. But if I were you, I'd keep my eye on him."

At home these evenings Paul had other things to occupy his mind. Kirkland had let Anne assume that the suggestion came from her own physician, but it was in fact Dr. Hertzog who, by transatlantic phone, directed the making and installation of a gymnastic machine, the use of which would strengthen the leg muscles during this particular period. It was a new and clever device with a comfortable seat and motor-propelled stirrups which moved the legs in a short circular motion.

"You see," Anne told Paul, "as it stands, it's a horse-cycle, only it should have a head and a tail to make it all horse. I love it! It gives me the greatest sense of normal leg motion and I'm going to keep using it even after the baby comes. You can't imagine how I enjoy it!"

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes happily alight. Involuntarily she shook back her hair. He knew how she must have looked as she cantered along the country roads on summer days of old and a great pain clutched his heart. All in the moment he shared Kirkland's doggedly fantastic dream. Perhaps he had been too much the doubter, too afraid of a great consuming faith that the miracle would happen.

They talked long that evening about the pattern of the coming months and he explained to her in detail how his own time would be engaged. In April he was to begin campaigning for himself.

"Jimmy has done the impossible," he said, "and done it so well that nobody seems to recognise it. As I've told you it's almost without precedent for a newcomer to head for the Senate. But Jimmy passed the word around and I was accepted. So, here I go. Well?"

Anne threaded her slight fingers through his strong ones. "I do so like your hands," she said tenderly.

He laughed. "Thanks, of course, but haven't you been listening to me at all?"

She gave a small sigh. "Oh, yes. I'm not sure I like the phraseology, though, 'Jimmy passed the word around.' I should be used to this kind of thing, but it's never come so close to me before. Paul, when you get into the Senate, and I am sure you will, what will you do? What is it you really want to do?"

He colored a little. "I guess at the moment I just want to get into the Senate! But once there I imagine I'll find

"What can be done about it?" Paul's tone was sharp with earnestness.

Hartwell made a gesture, half of despair.

"I've told you, but I know you're not interested in city politics. If we could get one absolutely incorruptible and fearless man to head city government, he would go a long way towards cleaning it up in one administration. And if a single major city were once clean, I believe the crusade would spread. Honesty is contagious as well as corruption. Well, does this answer your question?"

"I suppose so," Paul said slowly. "I'll have to think this over."

Paul determined to get all the information he could concerning the "rotten spots," as Hartwell had called them, just as a matter of information. At least then he would not be naive, ignorant. He talked with Johnny Bovard, who in his casual, lighthearted way was a man of wisdom.

"Yep," Johnny said, "it's the big thing here, the numbers racket. The horses, too, of course, and the slot machines. It all seems almost like kid stuff, but the money those hoods take in is fabulous. Why, you know this new hotel that's going up? The Mayfair? Well, I happen to know Camponelli owns two-thirds of that."

"How do you find all these things out, Johnny?" Paul asked curiously.

"Oh, I get around. In a mixed society. Of course I draw the line at the big, big C himself!" he laughed, then sobered. "How about your friend Arno? Isn't that what you called him? You know I've a suspicion he's running with the hare and the hounds both."

"How so?"

But Johnny would commit himself no further.

runner. After his endless coffee and pie, when the lunch hour was over, he would collect from Bill, go out to his car, and probably betake himself to another gambling set-up.

For that, Paul was now sure, was what this innocent-seeming eating-place was — a gambling centre. This was one tiny manifestation of the big numbers racket of which Camponelli was the head.

Paul waited, loitering over the dessert to try to outwit the runner. But it was to no avail and he finally went back to the office and in at once to see Hartwell with his imagined discovery. The old man showed no surprise, he only nodded agreement.

"Quite likely," he said, "quite likely. The city is riddled with just such spots."

"But shouldn't I report it to the police?"

Hartwell smiled. "My dear boy, the police know all this better than we do. They give protection — for a consideration. Your policeman on the beat collects each week from the runners and gives it to the Precinct Captain."

"And what does your man on the beat get out of it?"

"Oh, he gets to write a few numbers himself! Once in a long time the Police Commissioner sends word down that there must be a show made of law enforcement, so one runner is nabbed. Probably the one the Precinct Captain thinks has been holding out a little on him. The matter gets well aired in the papers and then everything goes on as usual." The old man sighed. "I can tell you more of what goes on here if you want to know. I've lived in this city a great many years."

Only Michel offers you **TWO** wonderfully
different **LIPSTICK**
TEXTURES

*It's worth your while
to take a second look
at yourself!*



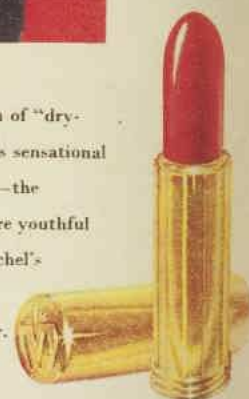
WHICH TYPE ARE YOU?



Are you one of those lucky women with naturally "young", moist lips? Then Michel "FIRM" is the lipstick texture for you. It will stay-on-longer than any other lipstick you can buy. And because of Michel's chromatic formula your lips will sparkle with new depths of clear, vibrant colour.

Michel *firm*

The only truly firm lipstick created especially by Michel for "young" moist lips.



Are you one of the 43% of women who complain of "dryness"? Then you need worry no more! Michel's sensational new "CREAMY" lipstick contains perma-sheen—the wonderful new moisturizing agent—to help restore youthful moisture to your drying lips. And thanks to Michel's chromatic formula your lips will shimmer with new depths of comfortable, stay-on-longer colour.

Michel *creamy*

The wonderful new lipstick containing perma-sheen created especially to pamper dry lips.

Both "Firm" and "Creamy" textures are available in smart new golden cases.

Medium size . . . 4/11

Large, double-quantity propelling size . . . 10/6

Exciting new, ready-to-use refill . . . 7/11

AVAILABLE IN A RANGE OF VIBRANT COLOURS MADE POSSIBLE BY MICHEL'S EXCLUSIVE CHROMATIC FORMULA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 29, 1956

COOK wanted

by Victor Canning



As Anton turned around, the pan in his hand, Mrs. Archer smiled and said, "Good evening."

THERE is a small restaurant near the Arc de Triomphe in Paris where the cooking is the best in the world. I'm not giving my name, for the simple reason that good cooking becomes bad cooking when a proprietor tries to fit thirty tables into a room built for twelve.

I walked in one evening and sitting in a corner was Monsieur Anton Brunot, whom I hadn't seen for five years. He was looking more miserable than ever, which, as his habitual expression is that of a man faced with catastrophe, was an achievement.

I sat down by him and asked him how things went.

"Badly, mon ami," he said. "I am contemplating suicide."

The patron came along at that moment and there was a period of gastronomic skirmishing while I ordered.

Anton knew more about food than perhaps any other man in the world, and when I ordered an omelet Baron de Barante, then saddle of lamb and a bottle of Musigny, I looked to him for approval. There was only misery in his eyes. Then for himself he ordered a bowl of clear soup and some toast.

My surprise showed on my face. It was like hearing a confirmed whisky drinker ask for malted milk.

"Mon ami, to eat no longer interests me," he explained. This from a man who, I knew, lived only for food; from a man whose father had been one of the world's five best chefs, from a man who could have been more famous than his father if he had wished.

He shook his head sadly. "Soup and toast . . . I live on it these days."

I said, "You'd better tell me about it."

"Willingly, mon ami. But first, tell me—are you looking for a job?"

"No, I'm not." I was an assistant chef at the Hotel Balzac and was very happy there.

"A pity," he said gloomily. And then, after a pause made gusty with a long sigh, he went on, "You know my father left me enough money to live on comfortably . . . to eat well. Where food is concerned, mon ami, I do not have to tell you that I am an artist . . . a genius, even."

"Then what's the trouble? Why aren't you eating?"

He told me. The war had wiped out the investments from which he drew his income, but because of his reputation as a gourmet he had become an inspector of restaurants for a famous French guide book. He had travelled all over France, eating well and free, and deciding what rating restaurants should have in the guide book.

But then—and I remembered that I had heard some rumor about it—he had slipped. He had begun to take bribes and to tip off proprietors when he was coming so that they could put on a show and get a higher rating. And in the end he was found out and sacked.

"My friend," he said, "after that I spent four awful months. It began to look as though I should

have to take a job as a chef. Imagine," he rolled his eyes, "to cook for other people who have no respect for the true artist—epouvantable! But, fortunately, an idea came to me in time. I found a way whereby I could eat well again and have enough money for the modest luxuries my nature demands."

For the past three years, he explained, he had been travelling from one European capital to another, living easily. And this was how he did it.

He would pick out some house or flat where a married couple lived. He would find out their names and then he would buy a couple of theatre tickets, always in the stalls, and post them to these people with a note indicating that they were with the compliments of the management, or just anonymously from an old friend.

Now, anyone who gets free theatre tickets may spend a pleasant hour wondering why, or who the anonymous friend is—but, in the end, they will always use the tickets.

"There is no one," said Anton, "with the will to resist something for nothing. On the night, mon ami, I would be waiting across the road and watch the couple go out. Once they were away, I knew I was safe for three hours and in I would go. I was never immoderate, mon ami. Just reasonable. I would take enough money for running expenses and small luxuries and, if there was no cash about, I'd take something that could be pawned. I always sent the pawn tickets back, because people are sentimental about silver cigarette-boxes and jewellery."

"And sometimes, if the mood was on me, I would go into the kitchen and cook myself a meal. But not often, mon ami, for most kitchens . . . one look and my soul would shrink! Anyway, long before the couple were back from the theatre, I would be away. It was a perfect arrangement. I travelled. I lived. I ate—and I was happy. Until last year in London."

And in London trouble had come to him.

He had been there three months and had worked his trick three times quite smoothly. Then he had picked out a couple who lived in a small mews cottage near Hanover Square. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Archer.

He shook his head dolefully. "She was elegant, mon ami. Chic. He was big, thickset . . . just another man to pass in a crowd."

He had watched them for a week, and then he had bought his tickets and sent them along. And when the night came they went out and he went into their place.

At this point my omelet Baron de Barante came along.

"It's odd you should have ordered that," he said. "You'll see why later. But now I shall be silent while you give your attention to it." He watched me eat and his face was full of desperate envy. When I had finished, he resumed.

He had gone into the place using the key he'd seen them put under

a pot of flowers outside the door. One look at the place told him that Mr. and Mrs. Archer were easy-going, well-disposed creatures who liked comfort and the good things of life. In a desk he found an envelope with fifty pounds in it, a little more than he usually reckoned to pick up. Then, full of well-being, he had gone to have a look at the kitchen.

"Mon ami, it was a good kitchen. One glance told me. Your painter sees a scene and knows it is for him, that he must put it on canvas. For me this kitchen was like that. I knew I had to use it."

He had plenty of time and he had made himself an omelet Baron de Barante, a big, beautiful omelet stuffed with mushroom and shrimps, and he was just on the point of serving it when the kitchen door opened and in walked Mr. and Mrs. Archer.

A short story complete on this page

"My friend, I was devastated with surprise. They weren't due back for two hours. I turned round with the pan, and Mrs. Archer gave me a smile and a polite good-evening. Mr. Archer, very bluntly, I thought, asked me to explain myself. Fortunately, Mrs. Archer came to the rescue. She pointed out that if we had the explanations first, then the omelet would be spoiled. A perfect woman . . ."

Mrs. Archer had got out two more

plates and the three of them had sat down to it and shared a bottle of Beaujolais.

"Mon ami, what a woman! And it was a joy to see her eat—though for my own pleasure the omelet would have been more satisfying shared between two rather than three. Over coffee I gave my explanation. I told them the truth, of course, relying on their good nature. They gave me all their sympathy and I began to think I should be allowed to leave without trouble. But I reckoned without Mr. Archer."

"I handed the money back to him and stood up, saying, 'You are two extremely understanding people. I regret any trouble I have caused you. But it was not as easy as that.'"

Mr. Archer had pushed the notes back to him and had said, "Keep them, Brunot, and regard them as an advance on your wages. You're

a cook in a million and when a man finds a good cook these days he hangs on to him. You're staying with us—and if you don't, I'll have to go to the police."

Anton Brunot sighed and looked miserably at his plate of soup.

"Mon ami, I tried everything. I appealed to her, but she shook her head. I pointed out that I hated to cook regularly, particularly for other people, and that I should not give satisfaction. But she would not believe this, and rightly pointed out that an artist was an artist and could not spoil a dish if he tried."

And there he was, stuck with the job. And it soon became obvious that the more cooking he did the less appetite he had himself for food. He still went on cooking brilliantly, but for himself there was no longer any joy in eating.

His employers were now living in Paris for a while, and he was over with them. He couldn't run away because they would put the police on to him and he could be easily traced. He was miserable and the only hope they had given him of release was that he should find for them a cook as good as himself. If he did that he could go without fear. He tried—but so far without success. How could he? He was better than his father, better than any other chef I knew.

"My friend," he finished sadly, "it's either suicide before starvation kills me or take the risk of the police when I run away. You're sure you don't want a new position?"

"I'm happy where I am," I said. "But tell me—why did they come back so early from the theatre and catch you?"

"Oh, that . . ." he sighed. "Well, I'd sent them the tickets with the compliments of the management. But Mr. Archer didn't have to have tickets to get in. He was the man who had written the play."

(Copyright)

Melody of love

WHEN the Daintons let their cottage, "Rose Briar," to a young man for the summer, no one thought it really mattered, except perhaps Pamela Randall, who considered another young man in the village would be a good thing.

Not that Pamela herself was without a young man. She had attracted (Pamela's mother's word) the only eligible bachelor and had him firmly hooked (other mothers' word). In short, she was engaged to Andrew Lytham, who worked in a bank in the neighboring town of Upton Lomax. Andrew was saving up to buy a house. Pamela was saving up to buy her trousseau. That was why she was holidaying at home.

For Pamela holidays meant painting. Her palette and easel were inherited from her great-uncle, the R.A., but her costume was entirely her own. Blue jeans and checked shirt, much paint-daubed.

She was engrossed in the painting of delphiniums, serenaded by a thrush and at peace with the world, when her quiet was shattered by someone playing the piano. Not filling the air with sweet melody, but wrestling determinedly with a series of difficult cadenzas, as Tobias wrestled with his angel.

Pamela cocked her head on one side, like a listening bird. He plays brilliantly, she thought. That was the first day.

The second day she said to her mother: "He works."

"Yes, dear. But isn't eight hours a bit too much? Oh, you're not going to paint again, are you?"

"Why not? The light is perfect."

Mrs. Randall studied the brilliant-hued figure of her daughter with trepidation.

It was comforting to think of Andrew — so steady, so practical, so regular in his ways. When Pamela was married to Andrew, with a nice little house and a baby, she would not have time for painting. Wiser than her daughter in the ways of men, Mrs. Randall could see plainly that the painting craze irritated Andrew. Pamela would learn.

On the third day, Pamela looked up from her canvas and said: "This is too much." Marching round to the next-door cottage, she knocked loudly on the door.

No one came. The waterfall cadenza went on.

She went round to the back and tapped on the open french windows. She saw a man in a blue-and-white T-shirt and faded trousers. He had dark, thick hair and brown muscular arms.

"Excuse me," said Pamela.

The cadenza went on. The waterfalls rippled over fern-hung rocks in a sparkle of sunlit drops — spray pattered on the leaves. It was brilliant playing, it was a pity to interrupt, but —

She stepped inside and walked round the piano so that the player could not help but see her. He stopped playing abruptly and scowled.

"What do you want?" he demanded as aggressively as possible.

"Peace and quiet."

He waved a hand towards the open window, the garden. "Help yourself."

"How can I when you are playing the piano all day? I live next door, I'm Pamela Randall."

He half rose and bowed politely. "How do you do? I'm David Petrie. The Daintons told me it was quiet here." His remark was pointed.

"So it was." Pamela's blue eyes glittered dangerously. "Until you started. Eight hours a day! It is unreasonable."

"You could shut your windows," he suggested mildly.

"In this weather? You could shut yours."

He considered the suggestion. "I should suffocate."

"It never occurs to you, does it," Pamela demanded, her temper steadily rising, "to stop playing?"

"Of course not. I have to — I never do less than eight hours practising a day. It is the only way I can get through all I have to do, before I am

ready for the big things. I've everything to learn — everything."

Curiosity and a certain respect got the better of Pamela's anger. "Don't you ever want to play truant — to go out for a walk in the fields?"

"Of course I do. Especially on a day like this —"

Pamela's red lips were slightly parted. Her long lashes curled deliciously over wide-set eyes; her skin looked soft and cool, gold and rose like the inside of a pomegranate. Suddenly he wanted very much to play truant and walk in the fields — or something.

He pulled himself together sternly. "It's worth it. If I go on practising as I have done — shutting myself away, not minding being poor now — some day I'll be able to prove to — to everyone that my belief in myself was justified."

"You mean people told you not to do it?"

He grinned. He was quite attractive when he looked less aggressive. "And how. They are waiting for me to get over it and settle down as a stockbroker."

Pamela laughed, a silvery peal. "How like them! All the same, Mr. Petrie, it is a bit too much. Can't you make it seven hours?"

He shook his head, lips folded into a firm line. "Impossible."

"Then I shall have to take steps."

"Do, Through the french window will be your best way. Mind Bill."

He jerked his head towards a cushion on which lay a splendid white cat closing his eyes deliciously in the hot sun. "He sits there and keeps me company."

"Doesn't he mind the noise?"

"Like most white cats, he is tone-deaf. For that reason he doesn't miaow much." Their brief truce over, he opened the window a trifle wider. "Good-bye, Miss Randall."

As Pamela re-entered her own gate the rippling cadenzas started again, clear and brilliant. She stuck a round, determined chin into the air.

The next morning Pamela, picking beans for lunch, lifted her head and nodded approvingly. David Petrie had started to practise, but the sounds were muted. He had closed his windows.

The sun crept on his accustomed way and in due course reached the back windows of the cottages. Mrs. Randall lowered striped awnings. "Rose Briar" had no such refinements.

Pamela cocked an ear. Mrs. Randall, who had been disguising forty winks in a deck-chair under the pretence of reading, woke up with a start. "Rose Briar" had opened its windows. She closed her eyes again comfortably and thus did not see her daughter passing painting impedimenta over the low lavender hedge dividing the gardens and creeping quietly over after it.

David Petrie, in the middle of an intricate passage, lost concentration. His head jerked up.

"Go away!" he ordered.

Pamela, intent on a portrait of Ena Harkness, a shapely crimson rose, continued to paint.

With a heavy sigh, David tried the left-hand passage again.

"Go away!" he yelled ferociously. "I can't concentrate."

"I have to paint," Pamela expostulated. "If I paint eight hours a day —"

David was a patient man, up to a point. The point had now been reached — and passed. He rose up and strode towards the intruder. Pamela barely had time to register the impression that he was bigger than she had thought before she was picked up bodily and lifted over the dividing hedge.

Before she could return to the attack, he was back again with easel and palette. When he brought the picture, he said: "I don't know about painting. Is this any good?"

"I don't know," Pamela was taken aback.

"But you should know. You must believe in yourself. Are you a painter?"



**Pamela could see he was
the most attractive
young man she had ever
met—but why, oh why, did
he have to play the piano
for eight hours a day?**



"I paint because I like to. For my job, I'm a secretary." He dismissed that. "But do you paint because you must?" he persisted. "That's important. Nothing else matters, so long as you have faith in yourself." "Oh — but I don't think that is quite true. Other things do matter." "Not if you have the gift of painting. Gift! We use that word so casually, don't we? But it means just what it says. A gift — something God gives you. He means you to use it, to accept it gratefully and spend your life in passionate dedication to it. You are honored by it, set apart, dedicated. Are you like that?" "I honestly don't know," Pamela said meekly. He passed the canvas across. "Then find out. Decide for yourself whether you can dedicate your whole future to it. If you decide that, throw that wooden-looking boy-friend of yours out of doors and then work like blazes." "Andrew isn't wooden. And how do you know he is my boy-friend, anyway?" He grinned disarmingly. "I don't work all the time!" He disappeared into "Rose Briar," whence presently there emerged a positive firework display of arpeggios. Pamela wandered across the grass and into her bedroom, changed out of the blue jeans into a crisply feminine cotton dress. She propped her paintings up round the room and studied them, chin in hand. A life of passionate dedication?

Turning away, she caught a glimpse of Andrew's photograph on her dressing-table. A giggle escaped her. His face was just a bit like a turnip, smooth, oval, pale, and expressionless. Odd, she hadn't noticed it before.

That evening Andrew suggested they should go into Upton Lomax. A man in the office had been promoted and would give Andrew the first refusal of his house. If Pamela liked it there was no reason why they shouldn't get married this autumn.

"But — that's so soon!" Panic fluttered in her throat.

Andrew laughed easily. "All the better, dear."

Pamela didn't like the house. It was hard to say out loud how much she didn't like the house. It looked like a mouse-trap and she felt rather like a mouse.

Afterwards, they strolled round a little park nearby and eventually found a vacant seat.

"Well, Pam. Just what we wanted, isn't it?"

"It is a nice house," she said carefully. "The point is, Andrew — do you want me?"

"Naturally! We are engaged."

"I know, but" — her smooth brows creased in a little frown — "if we really wanted each other, nothing would count but being together. The house wouldn't matter at all."

He said with dignity, "Are you suggesting I don't love you merely because I ask you to consider a house? We shall have to live in it for some years, we may as well be comfortable. I am merely showing consideration for your wishes, Pam."

"I know," she said swiftly, "I'm sorry." Suddenly she knew, between one breath and the next, that she didn't want to live with Andrew for years, or even weeks, anywhere. "I mean — you said if I didn't like the house we could wait till something better turned up."

"We can," he exclaimed, relieved to think he now knew what she was driving at. "If you don't like it, say so, you little jugglers! We can wait."

"But we ought not to be able to wait. We ought to be — to be passionately dedicated to each other. To believe in each other!"

"But aren't we?"

"What do you think of my painting, Andrew?"

He was exasperated. "Very nice, dear. But, of course, when we are married it will be different. You won't have time to bother with it."

Undramatically, she gave him the diamond half-hoop. Quite quietly. "We couldn't make a go of it, Andrew. I am sorry, but we don't see things from the same angle."

"Now, really, Pam! Just because I don't go mad about that messy painting of yours . . ."

"I'm terribly sorry, Andrew."

Pamela had been back at the office a week before she saw David Petrie. He was in the bus on Friday evening, a shopping-bag between his knees.

"A visitor," he explained, "coming tomorrow."

To page 40

Colinate your hair
and make it silkier, softer
and so easy to manage . . .



Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff. Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Price: 3/6



COLINATED
Coconut oil Foam
SHAMPOO

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY

Velmol keeps the most unruly hair in place all day without looking stiff or greasy. Your perms and home-sets will last longer when you "damp-set" with Velmol. Velmol is a tonic as well as a hairdressing—prevents dandruff, too. Give your hair that well-groomed look with Velmol. Price: 2/6 a bottle at any chemist or store.



VELMOL
THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESSING

TRIPLE PERFORATION



IT'S
THE FLOW
THAT COUNTS

Your baby's health and contentedness depends on the right food correctly diffused in an uninterrupted flow. "MODERN" Tests with their triple perforations and spiral reinforcements inside offer you the nearest to natural feeding. They do not buckle or collapse—flow is not interrupted—they are not affected by boiling, and they last much longer! Yet they cost no more than ordinary tests! 1/-

Nearest to
natural feeding
This scientifically designed
Test diffuses the food into
baby's mouth through the
three holes.

3 FLOW SIZES!
SMALL - MEDIUM - LARGE

No two babies' requirements are the same. You can choose the right size "Modern" for your baby.

NOTE
"THE LIP"
FOR EASY
REMOVAL

Every "MODERN" Test
is flow-meter tested.

"MODERN"
TEST



Send post-card for booklet
"Advice on 'Modern'
Bottle Feeding."

Made in England by the Cannon Rubber Manufacturers
Ltd., London.

Australian Agents:
Boydon P. Morris, Box 1635, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I WAS just turning into a small arcade in Sydney last week when I was stopped by a woman and a small, freckled boy. "Excuse me," she said, "but is this an arcade?" I said that it was, and asked her if she was looking for any particular place. "Well, no," she said, "but you see we are from the country and we haven't been to the city before, and were told to be certain to look at the arcades."

"This isn't the most glamorous one," I told her. "Your best plan would be to go to Her Majesty's Arcade. It has an escalator." "One of them moving stairs?" cried the small boy. "Gee! Come on, Mum!" And with a "Thank you very much" from the mother the two rushed off down Castlereagh Street.

I went on my way with the warm and joyful knowledge that in a city where that same day two bodgies had kicked a man almost to death and a sad and lonely migrant had taken his own life there were still two people who could find delight in an arcade of shops and a moving staircase.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Buik, Pymble, N.S.W.

MANY people feel they have "fallen down on the job" as parents, and no doubt there are many children who would quite agree with them. As a start towards future happy homes I feel sure teenagers in high schools would listen with interest to lectures by a specially trained person. I do not mean sex at this stage, but simply boy-girl relationships and general behaviour. As few as one or two lectures per term I'm sure would make a good impression on the scholars.

10/6 to "A Parent" (name supplied), Concord, N.S.W.

MEETING our 85-year-old neighbor plodding slowly to the tram-stop, I said, "You shouldn't be going to the city by yourself." "Oh, I'm all right," she said, "as long as I have my old walking-stick—everybody takes care of me when they see this stick." A similar remark was made by the doctor attending my sister for a broken ankle. His advice was: "Hang on to your crutches and then your stick as long as you can. You will always get help from others if you look at all helpless." We hear so much of the thoughtlessness and selfish spirit of the general public nowadays that these two comments are a wonderful tribute to the real heart of the man-in-the-street.

10/6 to "Danbo" (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

IN a letter from my sister who is visiting the Rhineland she told me that a number of Dusseldorf shops had introduced a novel way of putting prospective customers at ease. Shoppers who wish merely to look around may collect a badge as they enter the store. The badge shows a lapwing, the color of which may be changed from red to white. Assistants will only approach customers whose badges show a white bird. She was told that this "window shopping" inside the store had already increased sales. A trial in our Australian shops would be interesting.

10/6 to Mrs. Irene Smith, Nunawading, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I CAN'T help admiring that dress-designer who is trying to popularise the "Tummy-line." He's got plenty of stomach for a fight.

The foundation-garment people will all want to give him a belting.

For years they have told women to control their tummies.

In the course of my newspaper work I once attended a parade of girdles. The head girdle man kept tapping a beautiful model's tummy and saying, "Rhonda needs control."

But now this haughty-couture fellow takes the opposite view. He says: "On with the dance! Let the tums be unconfined."

Women with built-in tums will no doubt support him.

After all, thin girls have had a good innings.

It's time the fatties got some encouragement.

In olden days many men used to prefer them.

My own pro-tum bias dates from bachelor days.

I once paid court to a girl named

TUM ON YOUR HANDS

Sue Mullett. Sue and her mother were both terrified of tums.

When I went there for tea on Sunday there was no bread, no pudding, no potatoes.

At last I turned it in. It was not



that I loved Sue less, but I loved spuds more.

If the tummy-line comes into favor it will hit those skinny fashion-models below the belt.

I can picture Pamela Bones, the leanest and snootiest of them all, coming home in tears.

"Oh, mum, I've lost my job! The

boss says I can't model tummy-line clothes because I've got no tum."

"Cheer up, dear. Look at this ad in the paper: 'You TOO can have an attractive, well-rounded tum. Results guaranteed at the Humpty Tum Salon.' Why not give them a go?"

So Pamela visits the Humpty Tum Salon.

The manageress, munching an éclair, says: "Don't worry, Miss Bones. You'll have a swell time here. Just remember our motto: 'Staunch for paunch.' Would you please repeat it?"

"Staunch for paunch."

"No, louder."

"Staunch for paunch!"

"Splendid. You can start the beginners' course right away."

"What do I have to do?"

"Just keep eating suet pudding while a drum goes tum, tum, tum, tum, tum."

Maybe the two-way pressure groups will flatten the tummy-line, after all.

But I think we should honor the chap who thought of it.

He's a fearless champion of lost corsets.



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

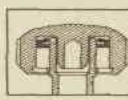
RICH HERITAGE: Stretching in belts along each side of the Murrumbidgee River are plains of ochre soil which every year yield some of Australia's wealthiest bumper crops. Here, where hundreds of irrigation channels criss-cross the plains, farmers rarely need to fear the word "drought." Even in the driest season, the river leaves its source in the Burrinjuck Reservoir, cradled high up in the Mundoonan Ranges, and tumbles down to the thirsty plains. In a small field bordered by gently rustling poplars, a farmer of Italian descent strides behind a patiently plodding horse, tilling his land ready for an onion crop. Like hundreds of his former countrymen who have settled on the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area at Yanco, he still clings to the simple art of ploughing a straight furrow with the primitive plough which his ancestors have used for centuries. This picture by P. R. Dann, of Yanco, N.S.W.

NEW! A watch that is watertight and elegant too....!



No sportsman, and no one whose job or leisure activity brings them into contact with water or steam, should be without a watertight watch. Hitherto, watertightness has been achieved at the expense of elegance, for cases had to be thick and heavy to accommodate the necessary sealing. But now, Cyma craftsmen offer you the Cyma-Navystar, a new, ultra-thin watch which combines watertightness with exceptional elegance.

This great advance has been achieved by ingenious design coupled with the use of completely new materials. The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of special quality steel, and is so designed that slowness is combined with faultless sealing and outstanding strength and precision. Note these points about this remarkable new watch:

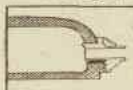


The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of rust-proof Firth Staybrite micro-fine steel, made by a process developed by famous British steelmakers.

A unique feature of the Cyma-Navystar is the sealing of its winder, one of the most fragile parts of the watch. Embodied in the winder is a minute device incorporating a spring system which counteracts wear, thus ensuring permanent watertightness.

The rim of the Cyma-Navystar is extra wide and incorporates a new, patented screw system. This enables greater compactness in design and ensures that the sealing is completely reliable.

All Cyma-Navystar sealing is made of a new metal which permanently retains its elasticity and neither crushes nor wears. The main sealing is situated where it cannot be damaged from the outside.



This is *the* watertight watch!...wonderfully thin, elegant, *permanently* watertight, and made by CYMA - world-famous for leadership in high-precision watch manufacture.

CYMA
navystar

The NAVYSTAR is, of course, also equipped with the famous CYMAFLEX shock-absorber. ONLY CYMA watches have the CYMAFLEX anti-shock device...and every CYMA has it!

2.5678 Cyma-Navystar, ultra-thin, watertight, antimagnetic, Cymaflex shock-absorber, stainless steel, De-luxe dial with raised faceted figures.
Gold 18 ct. £49/10/-
Gold 9 ct. £35/-
Steel £27/10/-

Cyma Watch Co. S.A., La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, with factories at Tavannes and Le Locle and a world-wide sales and service organisation.

She prefers to have her babies at home

There is much public controversy abroad about whether it is better to have a baby at home or in hospital. In this article Viscountess Savernake writes in favor of home births, speaking from an English viewpoint. The Australian viewpoint is given on the opposite page by medical authorities and mothers.

"I'M having my baby at home."

What shocked surprise this simple statement can cause. For the most important event of a woman's life to take place in her own home seems today almost unnatural.

Thirty years ago, and even in those "blissful days between the wars," most babies were born in the home, and were welcomed into the family with no more fuss than was absolutely necessary.

It is only since then the idea has grown up that "A pregnancy is a nine months' illness," and "A birth is a major operation" in which "You will walk with death, my dear," and hence a hospital or a nursing home is the only possible place for such a terrible event to occur.

Well, I'm one of those obstinate young mothers who "can't be told anything, and always know better than their elders."

I was born at home myself. I'd had my first two babies at home, and I meant to have my third child in the same way. My third baby has now arrived, and everything went according to plan.

When you ask me why I decided to have my baby at home, I can think of so many reasons that I must stop to sort them out and arrange them in some kind of order.

Perhaps the simplest way would be to look at the problem from the point of view of the people concerned. First the baby, then the mother,

then the father, and the other children and relatives, and, if you are lucky, a children's nurse.

How will the baby feel about it? For the last nine months you've carried him around with you, fed and protected his growing body; but now, after the sharp, sudden shock of birth, he is forced for the first time to fend for himself in a frightening world.

What he will want more than anything will be his mother's arms, to be fondled and kissed, fussed over, and cuddled; in fact, plenty of what Bernard Shaw called "maternal massage," and which, he said, "seems to do babies as much good as all our modern hygienic methods."

In your own home you can give your new baby this, in a hospital or nursing home you just can't.

I've never had a baby in a nursing home, but most of my friends have, and their ac-

he cries because he is plain lonely.

If you are in your own home, what happens? Why, his cradle is beside your bed, so you take him in your arms and comfort him until he stops crying and you find out the cause.

But in hospital he can howl his head off before anyone bothers about him, and anyway the chances are he won't be heard, as the other occupants of the room are also wailing.

"You'll see your child at feeding time," you are told, and so you will, always provided that your breast feeding has been properly established.

But that takes time, patience, and perseverance, and time is a very precious commodity in a hospital.

They may encourage you at first, but if you run into difficulties some hospitals do not persevere, and bottle feeding "is so much simpler."

Whereas in your own home you are still more or less your own mistress; if you make up your mind your baby is going to be breast fed, then you just stick to it till you succeed or until you are convinced you can't.

I believe in breast feeding, and I take quite a bit of convincing.

In short, the one thing a baby needs is his mother, and in your own home you can give him all of yourself, your undivided attention, night and day around the clock. In a nursing home or hospital he'll have you for short, regular, carefully calculated periods; no doubt it will be an adequate ration of maternal affection, but it won't be enough for him, or for me.

Looking at it from the mother's angle, my first objection to having a baby in a hospital or nursing home is that I have to get there.

When the first pains begin you feel that there is a lot of ground to cover before it is all over.

If you are at home you can do the odd job or two and try to take your mind off the discomfort.

The doctor will be sent for when the nurse thinks it is time. It is true that he has to get to you, but that, after all, is his headache.

Suppose, on the other hand, you are going into hospital. Things cannot be calculated as closely as one would like. Roughly speaking, you have the choice of going in unnecessarily or leaving it a little late.

So the chances are that

VISCOUNTESS SAVERNAKE at her London home with her spaniel Bonnie. In addition to running her home and writing, she is keenly interested in fashion, interior decoration, cooking, photography, dancing, and ice-skating.





FAMILY GROUP shows Viscountess Savernake at home with her children. They are, from left, the Hon. David Michael James Brudenell Bruce, aged three years, Lady Savernake holding her younger daughter, Carina Donne, who was born last month, and the Hon. Sylvia Davina Brudenell Bruce, aged nineteen months. They live in Kensington, London.



LOVELY REGENCY HOUSE in London is Viscountess Savernake's home. The family estates are Savernake Forest, near Marlborough, Wilts—the only privately owned forest left in England. It has been in the family since 1083.

you will be on the safe side and reach the hospital as much as 12 hours before it is really necessary.

Apart from strangers you will be alone. You may spend the waiting time in a ward with other women, some of whom have already had their babies.

In a busy hospital maternity ward you are just another patient to the nurses and it can be very lonely.

At home after your baby is born you can soon have your husband with you. He will be able to see the new arrival, and perhaps bring him in to you in your own familiar bedroom.

You can have all your well-loved things around you. The children are nearby to be seen when you are rested.

You are in touch with all the many household happenings, and are available if your advice is urgently required.

Your friends will drop in to see you because they really want to, and not because "the poor girl's in hospital" and they feel that they ought to.

Visits limited

In a hospital, visits from husband and family will be strictly limited, your husband feeling very much that he is under suzerainty by kind permission of the authorities; your other children overawed and slightly scared by the strange surroundings.

Obviously it is not very restful for a mother to be subjected to a shower of trivial queries after a home confinement. From my own experience a majority of these can be avoided.

I make a list of any household happenings that I anticipate while I am convalescing, telephone numbers, and other details, and pin it up in a prominent position before retiring to bed.

This enables anyone to cope without having to trouble me. A mother needs a rest from worry if she is to feed a baby and recuperate quickly, and this, in my opinion, more certain to get that rest in her own home.

To the other children of the family a baby arriving in their midst is an excitement rivaling Christmas and birthday.

Mummy has not been separated from them for any length of time, and so they do not bear the baby any grudge, which is so often the case if you have to go away for a bit.

From the father's point of view, waiting for the baby's arrival is a trying time, whether he is new at the job or not! There is not much he can do but hang around and wait.

If you are in a hospital he will be informed when it is all over. He is usually considered best out of the way in the early part of the proceedings.

In one's own home things are slightly easier for him. He can stay with you for a longer period if you both wish it, and obviously will not stay in a

state of suspense as long as he normally would.

But the most thrilling moment of all from his point of view is that he will be able to share the first few wonderful moments of your baby's life.

I shall never forget the look of joy on my husband's face when our son was born and he carried him, not half-an-hour old, into my room.

It is the same for other members of the family. My own grandmother, who is in her eighties, was thrilled to be allowed to hold her first great-grandchild in her arms when he was only a few days old. This was a privilege she might never have experienced had he been born in a nursing home or hospital.

I am extremely fortunate in

that I have had, so far, no medical complications that would warrant my entry into a hospital or nursing home.

I also am lucky enough to have a house of my own. But it is not all plain sailing for me.

House is small

IN fact, my house, which is small, has only one bathroom for us all, and three flights of stairs.

Recently it was in a state of "general post" awaiting the arrival of my third child.

I have a Spanish student whom I have trained myself to do the housework and the cooking, and a young girl, who has recently left school and is anxious to be a children's nurse. She and I manage the children together.

Home births—the Australian viewpoint

Most Australian women do not agree with Viscountess Savernake that it is better to have a baby at home. The majority of Australian babies are born in hospitals.

THE latest figures for N.S.W. are for the year 1954, and show that only 563 births of a total of 73,125 occurred at home. Commonwealth figures are not available.

In 1934 in N.S.W., the proportion of home births to hospital births was nearly one in three. In 1954 this figure had dropped to only one home birth in every 130.

Professor Harvey Sutton, Emeritus Professor of Pre-

ventive Medicine at Sydney University, said he believes it is a good idea for a woman to have her baby at home, but he considers it impracticable for most Australians.

"There is no real reason why a normal birth cannot happen at home," he said. "I think the hospital should be kept more for the case that is likely to cause difficulty."

"However, many homes nowadays—and that includes the single rooms and tiny

flatettes in which so many couples have to live—are not suitable for a home confinement. Help is very hard to get; all of which makes home birth somewhat impracticable."

A leading Sydney gynaecologist and obstetrician agreed that there is nothing against a normal birth at home, except it is neither economical nor practical in Australia.

"Most women in Australia insist on having a doctor to attend them," he said. "There are very few midwives here, and I don't think the average general practitioner could, or would, handle a lot of home confinements."

"The obvious advantages of a hospital are complete cleanliness and freedom from germs during the delivery and, if anything goes wrong, medical attention and equipment close at hand."

An English doctor who has been in practice in Australia for nearly two years said a home birth is a lot harder on the doctor than a hospital birth, but, for the

woman who is conditioned to the idea, it is a lot easier.

Facilities for home births, he said, are much better in England than in Australia.

An Englishwoman who prefers to have her babies in hospital is Mrs. Dorothy Edemenson, a migrant who came to Australia two years ago from Yorkshire.

Mrs. Edemenson has had nine children, seven of whom are living. Most of them were born at her home in Yorkshire.

Her ninth child, Kathleen, was born recently in the Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney.

"Having a baby in hospital is lovely," she said. "You know you're safe in hospital. You've got a sense of security, somehow. I didn't have that at home, just as I didn't have a blood test, or any anaesthetic when I was in pain."

"In hospital you haven't got to worry. I never had a doctor for my other babies. The nurse used to come night and morning for the



MRS. D. EDEMENSON, English migrant, and her new baby, Kathleen, at Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney.

first three days, and after that just once a day."

Mrs. Patrick Lynch, of Prahran, Melbourne, thinks every healthy woman should have her baby at home, so there would be no shortage of hospital beds for complicated cases.

She has had eight children, five of whom were born at home, with the aid of the Melbourne District Nursing Service.

The service ceased to attend home confinements four years ago, because the demand was so small.



MRS. PATRICK LYNCH, of Prahran, Victoria, with her baby, Peter, and two of her daughters, Eileen (left) and Lorraine. Five of her eight children were born at home. "It is the best place to have a baby," Mrs. Lynch said.

NO GUESSWORK

with

new Toni Trio

3 HOME PERMS

same waving time for any type of hair

Just 15 minutes is the exact waving time for every type of hair when you choose your correct Toni . . . Super, Regular or Gentle. And because Toni Seal-a-Wave Solution locks in your wave instantly and permanently, you get the most natural wave of your life in the easiest, fastest way.



Super Toni
FOR HARD-TO-WAVE
HAIR



Regular Toni
FOR NORMAL
HAIR



Gentle Toni
FOR EASY-TO-WAVE
HAIR



Toni
gives a
natural curl
that lasts
till it grows out

12'6
EACH

Toni

5' - FROM ALL
LEADING STORES
AND CHEMISTS



1 Part off small strand of hair and comb smooth. Hold end of strand and place forefinger of other hand against the strand, about one inch from the scalp.



2 For forward curls, place finger in front of the strand. For curls away from the face, place finger at back of strand. Wind strand around the finger.



3 Tuck in hair ends and slip curl off your finger. Secure curl with two crossed bobby pins or hair pins. When you finish setting your hair, cover with net until dry.

Setting's so simple with Home Perms

SETTING'S AS SIMPLE AS 1, 2, 3, when you follow directions for making curls illustrated above. Comb your hair into the lines you want to wear it, then set your curls forward or back from the face to suit the style you've chosen.

Not many girls are blessed with perfect features, but everyone has good points and your hair style can help you to make the most of them. That is why women in the public eye—actresses and models, for instance—always use their heads about their hair. They know a hair style should be individual and adaptable, a truly flattering frame to the face that makes the most of one's best features.

★ ★ ★

AND HERE ARE A FEW TIPS to help you decide on the hair style that does most for you. A bang will minimise a high forehead—soft curls brushed away from the face will take the spotlight off a square or heavy chin—hair fluffed at the temples balances wide cheek bones—short, tightly curled hair will make a short neck look longer—fluffy curls below the ears add width to a long neck—a medium long, soft page-boy style gives width to a receding chin—curls drawn to the back of the head draw attention from a too-short nose—hair smooth on top and softly curled at the ears minimises a long nose.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER fact it is wise to give some thought to is that a hair style, just like a hat, should always be chosen in relation to your whole figure . . . to help create the effect of perfect proportions. If you are slender and petite, you can afford to adopt a short, curly hair-do. But the tall, willowy girl should remember that a closely cropped head with little curl makes

the head and face smaller in relation to the rest of the body; so tall girls may be better suited by a style that is soft and full. Similarly, those of you who are short and tend to plumpness should avoid fluffy and elaborate styles.

★ ★ ★

THE basis of every pretty hair-do is a Home Perm. It's so easy to give your hair longer-lasting, natural-looking waves and curls when you choose the Home Perm recommended for your type of hair. For hair that has some natural curl or has been bleached, dyed or tinted—also when a loose wave is desired—choose "Gentle." For hair that is neither too fine nor too strong, choose "Regular." For hair that is inclined to rebel against a perm—also when a tighter wave is preferred—choose "Super." Just name the type!

★ ★ ★

DON'T forget to shampoo your hair first (your hair should be damp when winding starts) . . . and select a shampoo that doesn't just cleanse but conditions as well. You'll find the best type is a satiny lotion shampoo that leaves your hair soft, shiny, easy to manage.

WHITE RAIN tonight-

to-morrow your hair is sunshine bright!



White Rain is a lotion shampoo—the first of its kind—satin white, satin smooth . . . a soapless shampoo with many gentle ingredients to give your hair that shining look . . . leaves your hair pliant, soft, easy to manage.



The Queen visits lepers



MEMBERS OF FULANI CATTLEMEN kneel before Queen Elizabeth as she and the Duke of Edinburgh leave the Kaduna Research Establishment in Nigeria after a visit. During the Royal tour of Nigeria, which ended on February 17, the Queen and the Duke visited the Oji River Leper Settlement. This was the Queen's second visit to a leper colony.

Tour of settlement in Nigeria helps remove stigma of leprosy

"Queen Elizabeth isn't frightened to visit us. She talked to us in our classrooms and in our weaving-rooms. Tell all lepers who hide and are cast out not to hide their shame. There is none now. The Queen has been among us and we rejoice that now we are like other men."

THIS was the message that 800 lepers at the Oji River Leper Settlement in Eastern Nigeria beat out on their "talking drums" to 8000 other lepers in the region when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the centre.

The Queen's 45-minute tour of the settlement's hospital and rehabilitation centre did more to help the fight against leprosy than any other single factor she could have done, the wonder drug was discovered five years ago.

Curing disease

Oji River Settlement, 30 miles from the capital of Eastern Nigeria, is leading the world in the cure of leprosy. A visit there is not nearly as terrifying an experience as the Queen's first visit to a leper colony. That was when, Princess Elizabeth, she visited Rhodesia on a tour with the late King and the Queen Mother.

Then she insisted on going to see lepers brought in by the law. She saw lepers with noses chopped and fingers off; she saw burnt-out cases for whom there was no hope.

In Eastern Nigeria it was a very different story. At Oji River the Queen saw lepers whose cure would have seemed little short of a miracle at the time of her Rhodesian visit.

Today, if lepers will come to the clinic, there is not only hope, but certain cure.

Nothing could have been more tranquil than the scene at the leper colony on the day of the Queen's visit.

In a valley of palm trees, lepers worked round the camp. Others, completely cured, waited for word that they were wanted back in their villages.

Oji River Settlement is a colony without bars. Lepers are free to come and go as they choose, and to wander down to the village market.

The colony is set in 400 acres of beautiful farmland, where any patient wishing to farm for himself is granted half an acre.

Dr. Arthur Garrett, who for 16 years has worked among lepers in Eastern Nigeria, told the Queen that what he and the handful of trained nurses had most strongly to combat was the fear of the leper.

Later he talked to me of the long and patient struggle the small clinics dotted all over the country were having.

"We have the greatest difficulty getting lepers to come in for treatment," he said.

"Outcasts"

"THE trouble is that while the leper is hidden away by his family he's getting worse, but he is not an outcast. Once he comes for treatment he's known as a leper, and, although the cure is effective, he's thrown out."

"We have to seek out the leper and try to induce him to come to the clinic, but it is a hard battle."

"The Queen's visit is a tremendous challenge to the primitive people of Nigeria."

"The value of her visit cannot be reckoned yet, but the coming years, we hope, will tell a tale of a more humane

—By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff,
who covered the
Royal tour in
Nigeria.

and tolerant attitude to the leper.

"It will be a slow realisation that leprosy, if we can catch it in time, is nothing like the dread disease it used to be."

The number of lepers at Oji River Settlement has been reduced from 1600 by half in the past five years, and the number in 60 clinics throughout Eastern Nigeria has been reduced from 20,000 to 8000 now receiving treatment.

Oji River is not only the leper showpiece of Africa, it is the most advanced in the world.

"Doctors come from leper colonies in every part of the world to work with me," Dr. Garrett said.

Speaking of the infectiousness of leprosy, Dr. Garrett said: "About nine out of ten new patients are uninfected. If these have treatment they are no danger to themselves or to others. They can safely continue their ordinary work and live with family and friends. Children can remain at school; workers can continue in offices or in fields; mothers can care for their children."

"Some of the patients at clinics scattered throughout the province are people living at home and coming twice a week for treatment."

The Queen saw all the work the lepers are doing.

One leper was teaching a class of young schoolboys with leprosy.

At hand looms copied from one in use 250 years ago, girls were making lengths of material.

For the Queen's visit lepers painted the mud houses, administrative buildings, and hospital wards with crude animal murals. They had also painted signs—"Happy journey to our Queen."

• Australia is behind the rest of the world's highly civilised countries in its attitude to lepers, according to a leading Australian health authority.

People in Australia who contract leprosy—or Hansen's Disease, as doctors prefer it to be called—are confined to leprosariums or lazarets by order of the State Board of Health.

This treatment is in contrast to the widespread establishment of clinics in America, England, and other countries—including, as this story shows, Nigeria—which allow patients to mix with their fellow men.

The doctor said he believed that fear of being removed from society caused a number of sufferers to seek treatment illegally or even to hide their illness.

The medical treatment of leprosy in Australia is, however, equal to the world's best, he said. The drug dapsone, which is one of the sulphone group, is in common use.

There are comparatively few cases of leprosy in Australia. At the end of last year there were 469 victims, of whom 429 were aborigines and half-castes, 39 were Europeans, and one was Asiatic.



Keep Fresher

After your bath, use Cashmere Bouquet Talc lavishly. It leaves you fresh, fragrant and wonderfully cool.

Feel Smoother

Its silken protection insures against chafing, too, so pamper sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet!

Stay Daintier

And remember, Cashmere Bouquet Talc surrounds you with a romantic fragrance, the very spirit of personal daintiness.

Regular size: 2/9 . . . Medium size: 2/1



Cashmere Bouquet
TALCUM POWDER

Give it a
BRASSO
shine



Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

THE NEW BULKY HATS



TRIO of late-day hats (above) by Nana. The pink tulle mushroom trimmed with a blue rose is one of the most becoming hats in Paris. The red straw takes a deeper red rose jutting from a peak at the centre back, and a yellow flower is poised over one eye on a black velvet toque.



CLOCHE by Claude St. Cyr has a seathed lemon-yellow silk jersey crown and a shaded straw brim finished with a feather fringe. The hat is worn with a superb white mink wrap and long white gloves.

THREE HATS by Gilbert Orcel (right) show vivid color, plus "bulk"—an orange-yellow plant-pot shape, an emerald-green cloche, and an inverted Chinese bowl with a blue printed silk crown.



● Hats have reached a turning point in fashion. After years of shrinking, they have suddenly blossomed into bulky importance. The advantages are seen quickly. For one thing, a deep or wide brim makes the face beneath it look deliciously feminine or piquant. It also gives eyes an extra look of allure. And, finally, bulk is the logical counter-balance of a slender silhouette — and a real flatterer to bared or fur-covered shoulders.



CORAL-ROSE baku straw cloche by Maud. The crown rises above the brim in a drape. The trim is a bunch of dark and white violets with their own green leaves. The hat flatters a low oval neckline.



ENORMOUS Edwardian "plate" hat is in coral straw. The crown is veined entirely in shadow-print taffeta. The "Queen Mary" toque is in red-and-white striped picot straw finished with a matching bow centre front. Both hats from the Svend collection.



ABOVE: From the Dessea collection of hats comes a puckish red felt cap, a toque in mink and turquoise colored satin, and a large-brimmed white beret with a crushed crown lined with turquoise. The trim is a matched band.

RIGHT: Cloche with an open brim is made in navy-blue and mink-colored faille. The bulky-proportioned baku straw hat has a wreath of contrasting tulle. The brosen taffeta gloves are spring news. Both hats are by Claude St. Cyr.



The makers of BEAU MONDE HOSIERY say:

Wash stockings in Lux because it's so safe"

Gossamer-sheer stockings . . . but how to keep such misty loveliness ladder-free? Leading stocking manufacturer, Beau Monde says: "Bat-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods only weaken delicate threads. Always use safe, gentle Lux." Follow the expert's advice — make stockings last three times as long with a Lux dip after every wearing.



P.S. Wash dishes with creamy Lux for a fast, grease-free job. And Lux keeps hands glamorous, remember!

NEW FINER LUX

So safe you'll want to use it always

Hemorrhoids successfully treated

Thousands of sufferers from Hemorrhoids (Piles) have found wonderful relief from pain and discomfort with ManZan. Locally distended veins, which cause pain and irritation, quickly respond to this highly effective formula. Get ManZan today.

ManZan

With special nozzle applicator 4/- a tube at Chemists everywhere.

♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Nonsense, Clara, it'll be no trouble at all. Can I get anyone else a glass of water?"

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

"George, I have just made a budget—and it PROVES that we can't afford to live."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

FASHION is a subject one should leave to the experts, but since this is our autumn fashion issue the occasion seems suitable for the airing of one of my favorite theories.

It's easily summed up—the smartest dresses are always uncomfortable.

I don't say it isn't possible to look fair enough in something comfortable. I merely assert that you'll look better if you're going through an endurance test.

A couple of seasons ago I bought the nicest dress I ever had. It was so narrow-skirted that bus-steps and kerbs had to be negotiated with the greatest care. The sleeves were cut in such a way that strap-hanging was out of the question.

You could describe it as a taxi-dress.

When I was buying it I endeavored to raise my arms above elbow level. "You're not proposing to play tennis in black faille, are you?" asked the maker sharply.

Wearing it entailed organisation.

The procedure was: Get ready except for dress. Tidy flat. Pick up all objects off floor. Lift down hat from high cupboard. Close windows. Then—and only then—put on dress.

While I'm on the subject, what sort of shoes look best? Easy-going flatties? Nonsense. The most elegantly shod feet are those balanced on four-inch heels.

I would go further and develop this theme into a philosophy of life: It's important to own at least one uncomfortable dress and one unendurable pair of shoes. When you give way to ease you have given up the struggle.

★ ★ ★

LESS than one third of American teenagers regularly eat the evening meal with their parents.

This eclipse of the family dinner, reported by a New York columnist, is causing concern. Authorities have suggested ways of luring the young back into the home.

They recommend that every night each child be encouraged "to show some interesting object or tell some interesting incident from the day's activities."

Once a week the family should organise an "international night." The children pick a country, mother cooks an appropriate dish, and father delivers a travelogue.

Both these notions sound quite grisly to me. A 13-year-old boy's idea of an interesting object may well be a dead frog.

The self-conscious horror of the international night is too obvious to need stressing.

The theorists are on the wrong track. They set too much store by mealtime conversation.

My sisters and I shared a flat shortly after we left school. We often argued in the morning, but our dinners were delightful. When setting the table we put a magazine at each place.

We ate and read in cheerful silence until it was time to quarrel about whose turn it was to do the washing-up.

NEWS that rock oysters from the Queensland coast near Rockhampton are to be flown to Hawaii to start an oyster-growing industry made me sentimentally reminiscent.

Unless they've changed a lot they're very unsophisticated oysters that grow in Keppel Bay. Never went to a nightclub in their lives.

As a child I used to spend camping holidays on an island in that bay. Oysters, huge ones, abounded.

My regret is that I didn't acquire a taste for oysters on the shell till much later. I watched wonderingly while the grown-ups paused in their fishing to open them and eat them off the rock.

The only way I liked them was (save your shudders) stewed in a billy with tinned beef and onions.

I guess I would have enjoyed them Kilpatrick or mornay, but camp cooking doesn't lend itself to these elaborations.

When I picture the descendants of those oysters on the dinner menu of the Royal Hawaiian, listening to the band, peering over the rim of their plates on to the palm trees outside and the white rim of surf beyond, I feel it just shows that you never know where you'll finish up.

As an envious anemone is probably saying now: "The world is yours, oyster."

★ ★ ★

THE Fisheries Division of the C.S.I.R.O. is beginning a ten-year programme to study movements of fish in Australian waters.

The new head of the Fisheries Division, Dr. G. F. Humphrey, said that fish were continually on the move. This made it difficult to organise the industry, because fishermen never knew where the fish would be at a given moment.

Where are the fish, indeed? That is the question. Where?

One thing is certain, that the fish aren't here.

Inquire of locals and they always say, "You're dead unlucky, mate. Wind's wrong today."

The south-east weather is, of course, too rough.

For fish and men those rollers are too tough.

Pray for a westerly. Then the verdict hear:

"No good today. The water's far too clear."

Dotted on headlands anglers sit and wait in optimistic silence, dangling bait. And, reeling up, the question's answer face:

Where are the fish? Why, in some other place.

BABY CLOTHES THAT Snap CLOSED AND STAY SNUG



Komfi-Panties are on and off in a jiffy, with "Gripper" Fasteners.



Buy Baby Clothes with LAUNDRY PROOF **Gripper** FASTENERS

Modern Gripper Fasteners are made to last the life of the garment they're built into and unlike buttons they cannot pop off... chip and break. Right now you can escape button bother forever by buying clothes with Grippers for your children, your husband and yourself.

REPLACE BUTTONS WITH **Grippers** ON THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR AND FOR HOME SEWING BUY A GRIPPER CARD



"GRIPPERS" are manufactured under license by CARR FASTENER Company of Australia Limited. Australian Dist.: "J.B." Products, Victoria. STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING SOFTGOODS WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATES.

VOLKSWAGEN

the wonder car with the "years-ahead" design — ACCLAIMED by the EXPERTS

- "Luxury car" ride from torsion bar suspension.
- Amazing efficiency from air-cooled rear motor.
- Over 40,000 Volkswagens have travelled over 60,000 miles without major repairs.

VOLKSWAGEN — winner of the 1955 Redex trial — astounded the experts. After a tour equal to 60,000 miles of normal running Volkswagen — the wonder car — needed no major repairs. Even experienced driver Laurie Whitehead was astonished. He said: "The Volkswagen did an incredible job." Whitehead was particularly impressed with these two features of the precision engineered Volkswagen —

Luxury Suspension:

A Volkswagen can hit a drain 18" deep and 2' wide at 40 m.p.h. and just climb out of it with no more than a small jolt. The secret? Volkswagen's torsion bar independent 4-wheel suspension — perfected by Volkswagen and only now being incorporated in the most expensive overseas makes.



"Ran like a Swiss watch all the way", says

Laurie Whitehead
Winner of 1955 Redex trial

Simple, efficient Engine:

Volkswagen's big bore, slow revving engine means less wear — many Volkswagen owners have travelled 150,000 miles with the same engine. It means greater mileage — a guaranteed 38 miles per gallon. And Volkswagen's air-cooling system does away with many problems of water-cooling systems.

On the Redex trial Volkswagen was backed up everywhere in Australia by super service. Every Volkswagen owner can depend on the same service efficiency wherever he goes.

Specially trained mechanics work with a Volkswagen designed tool-kit and spare parts are always in full stock.



Above is the Volkswagen Family Sedan. Its brilliant baked lacquer finish lasts and lasts, and dashing shades are Surf Green, Mountain Blue, Arnhem Black, Coastal Ivory, Manly Tan, Gunyah Grey.

Over one million Volkswagens have been sold!

From America:

"Zipping around the countryside in my white Volkswagen makes me feel 20 years younger. What more can you ask of transportation?"

—Miss Marjorie Trumbull,
American Television Commentator.

From Denmark:

"Before I purchased a Volkswagen I owned a car which ran 8,800 miles and I had to spend about £100 on repairs. My Volkswagen, which I have driven more than 60,000 miles, has cost only £20."

—Autocentralen Danish Newspaper.

In Australia:

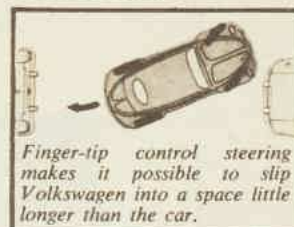
At the Annual West Australian Fair there were 20 times as many prospective customers visiting the Volkswagen stand as there were visitors to the stands of other automobile makes. —Western Motors Ltd.

"So easy to drive, so safe, so smart," say women motorists

THE Volkswagen, winner of the world's most rugged reliability trial, is popular with women, too — because it's a joy to drive. Nestle into the comfortable seat and the gear lever is right at your left hand — mounted on the floor for extra convenience. Gear changing is child's play because 2nd, 3rd and 4th are synchronized. No wrestling with unwieldy steering, either — flick your fingertips and the Volkswagen nips around the sharpest corner.

The Volkswagen is safe to drive — the streamlined design means less wind resistance on open roads — the sloping bonnet gives true all-round vision.

Styled years ahead: Volkswagen's functional lines keep Volkswagen new for years longer.



Finger-tip control steering makes it possible to slip Volkswagen into a space little longer than the car.

At £893 (incl. sales tax) Volkswagen is undoubtedly Australia's best car value — it's the wonder car.



Arrange with your Volkswagen distributor for a wonder drive.

VICTORIA

Spencer Motors Pty. Ltd.,
86 Sturt Street,
South Melbourne. MB 4781.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Lanack Motors Ltd.,
177-179 William Street,
Sydney. FA 7001.

QUEENSLAND

V. W. Motors Pty. Ltd.,
23 Breakfast Creek Road,
Newstead, Brisbane. L 3311.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Light Motors Ltd.,
58 Light Square,
East Adelaide. LA 4544.

WEST AUSTRALIA

Western Motor Co. Ltd.,
789 Wellington Street,
Perth. BA 2451.



Anne Francis

M-G-M Star of CinemaScope Colour Film "The Forbidden Planet"

On holidays or week-ends, take beauty-giving Lustre-Creme Shampoo, in the new, handy Tubettes so perfect for packing. LUSTRE-CREME is the favourite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 Hollywood Stars. Lovely Anne Francis uses Lustre-Creme. And it's Australia's favourite cream shampoo, because it never dries your hair, it beautifies! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into instant, rich lather... leaves hair star-bright, satin-soft, easy to manage and eager to wave.



For dry skin use
HERCO

OLIVOL SKIN LOTION

Skin that's dry and harsh has become deficient in natural oils and fats. These are best replaced by the Olive Oil and Lanolin combined in Herco Olivol Skin Lotion. Only Herco penetrates deep down to the under-tissues of the skin where effective beauty care must begin.

HERCO

3 popular sizes—
2/3, 3/4 and 4/6 and for those
who prefer a cream—3/3 Tube

Ringside brute is portly but courtly gentleman

Twenty-nine-stone Hungarian wrestler Emile Czaja does not bring the sound of tortured muscles or the acrid smell of sweat and liniment with him into the lounge-room.

HE has the charm and impeccable courtesy of Boyer, the poise of Colman, the gentle humor of Alec Guinness.

Only his weight and size betray the fact that he is one of the world's toughest wrestlers and that professionally he is called King Kong.

Typical of his courtly behaviour was his encounter with an elderly gentleman in the lounge of a Sydney hotel on the day of King Kong's arrival from Singapore.

"Pardon me," the elderly gentleman said, eyeing King Kong's Indian-style fur cap, his neatly trimmed beard, and his huge, distinctive bulk, "are you the gentleman who is going to wrestle Koroshenko?"

Rising to his feet and bowing slightly, the wrestler said politely, "Yes, I am going to do that. Will you sit down for a little while?"

"No, no; I couldn't interrupt you," said the elderly gentleman. "I only want to wish you good luck. I was a wrestler myself once, you know."

"But that was years ago, and I wasn't half your size."

King Kong acknowledged the compliment with a small bow and a polite smile, and said, "Thank you."

When I met King Kong I told him, "I didn't expect you to be like this. You don't act as I thought a wrestler would act—no boasts, no threats! Why?"

"Thank you," King Kong said.

"When I was a young boy I dance, swim, I play tennis with good society. It polished me."

"Of course I am not polite in the ring. The people who come to see me wrestle think I am a bad man. I like it. It's better for a wrestler to be thought a bad man; people come along to see if someone will beat him."

"All through the East they boo and catcall. Oh, yes, I have often been attacked by people from the audience."

"What do I do? I get rid of them. I pick up a chair and go uh, uh, uh" (gestures like a lion-tamer holding savage beasts at bay).

"Do you eat much?" I asked.

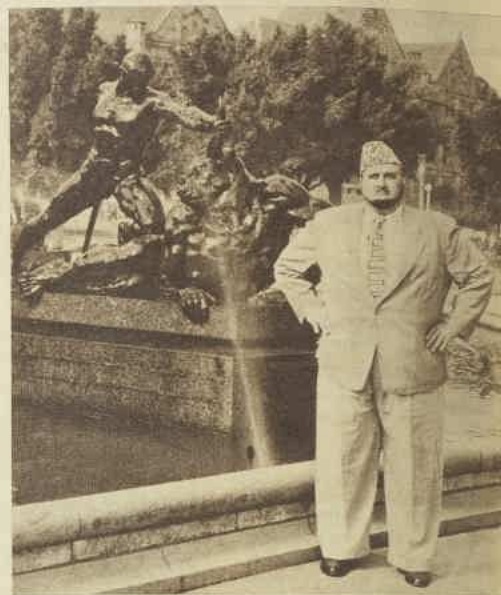
"Oh, no," he said. "I eat very little. Steak and some eggs for my breakfast, or a ham omelet—a nothing really."

"For lunch a big salad, maybe, and some cheese—I love gorgonzola."

"At night I have my main meal. A couple of steaks, a fowl—roast chicken, perhaps—with raw vegetables—cabbage, radish."

"I will eat anything, so long as it is food."

"I do not care whether it is Chinese food, Malayan, Indian, Hungarian, or French food. If a Frenchman can eat French food, so can I."



A PICTURESQUE SETTING for a statuesque gentleman. The Archibald Fountain you know, but the man standing beside it is a 29-stone wrestler called King Kong.

"Why are you called King Kong?" I asked.

"When I was in Alexandria in 1934 the film 'King Kong' about the big monkey was there. My manager said he thought it might be a good idea for me to take that name. So I laid off for six months while I grew a beard."

"I have had the beard and the name ever since. It has been very successful, and I am the biggest wrestling draw-card in the East. Not that the name alone brings in the people. The skill does that."

"I live in my house in Singapore for about two months of the year. The rest of the time I spend travelling around the East, wrestling."

When King Kong is not training, which he does for four hours each day, or wrestling, which he does three or four times a week, he may be involved with his pigeons.

"I have 200 pigeons," he said. "No, they are not racers. To keep a pigeon for racing is to torture it. It is cruel. Mine are homing pigeons."

"When I finish my training in the morning I let them out and feed them myself with wheat, and they fly about, somersaulting in the air."

"It is very beautiful to watch the little birds flying and playing. I love birds and animals very much."

"When I am bored with sitting around the house I get into my car and drive 40 or 50 miles out of Singapore. The roads are good and straight, so I drive fast. About 95—if there are no policemen around."

"I love fast driving, but I have paid to the police a fortune in fines."

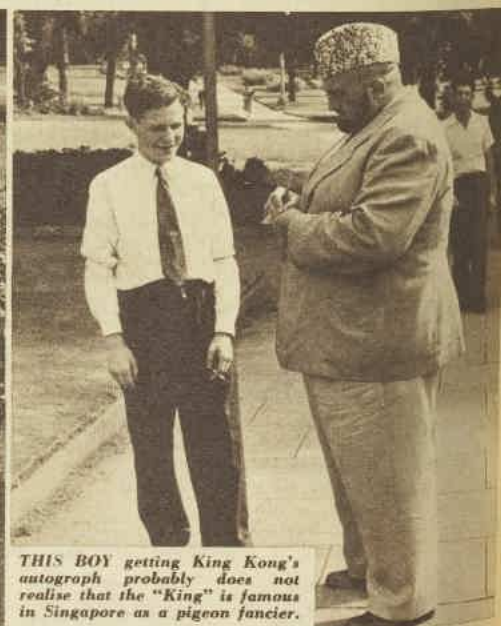
"Yes, I like reading. I read a lot. Nothing heavy or difficult—just light, little stories."

"I like dance music. Light music. Not the classics."

"They make me feel sad and worried."



HELEN GORDON, who interviewed "King Kong," says he is one of nature's gentlemen. Perhaps she hasn't seen his ringside manner.



THIS BOY getting King Kong's autograph probably does not realise that the "King" is famous in Singapore as a pigeon fancier.

MODERN MILLIONAIRE

An artist sketching a picture of a modern millionaire could well discard as models the paunchy, top-hatted old champagne-bibber and the tyrant driving the slaving workers with whips. Instead he could portray Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

ALFRED VANDERBILT, a man of money, intelligence, and ideals, recently visited Australia as president of the World Veterans Fund, a United States organisation which helps the World Veterans Federation, representing 18,500,000 ex-servicemen and ex-service-women from 31 countries.

The sketch would show a good-looking man of 44 with dark hair and eyes, a quick smile, rather crooked teeth, an alert face, and tall frame; clothes, conventional.

In the background the artist could sketch in some of the Vanderbilt relatives; great-aunt Consuelo, formerly Duchess of Marlborough, now Mrs. Jacques Balsan; first cousin Gloria Vanderbilt, an actress, a beauty, and ex-wife of famous conductor Leopold Stokowski.

The pencil need not stress them. It could move on to concentrate on Mr. Vanderbilt's own family group — his wife, and three children, Wendy, 17, Alfred ("Butch"), 7, and Heidi, 6.

In the background, too, there should be representative outlines — a racehorse, a torpedo-boat, a school, an aircraft's tilt-back chair, a hospital, a conference table.

To explain these outlines: The racehorse, because racing is one of Mr. Vanderbilt's chief interests. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the Thoroughbred Racing Association of the United States. His most famous horse, Native Dancer, won 21 out of 22 races in which it entered. Now retired from racing, Native Dancer is at Mr. Vanderbilt's Sagamore Stud Farm in Glyndon, Maryland.

The torpedo-boat stands for Mr. Vanderbilt's war service in the U.S. Navy. He was in New Guinea waters, came down on a brief 1944 leave to Sydney, took in the races at Randwick, Rosehill, and Canterbury, then went back to the States before transfer to the chilly Aleutian Islands.

"Quite a contrast," he says. He finished the war holding the rank of lieutenant, junior grade, the Silver Star for gallantry in action, and the Presidential Unit Citation.

The school? That stands for "Wiltwyck," 60 or 70 miles from New York, a place where the "really bad kids go" — the ones the other schools won't have. Mr. Vanderbilt is on the board of this inter-racial school, which takes in boys of 12 and under and aims to turn them into good citizens.

The tilt-back aircraft seat means travel, and time spent away from the third-story apartment on 63rd Street, New York, where the family lives. Work and travel go together. They cancel out holidays on the Long Island home and visits to the blue grass of Mary-



AMERICAN multi-millionaire Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt at his Sydney Press conference during his visit to Australia as president of the World Veterans Fund.

land, where the 35 brood mares and their foals are stabled.

The hospital and the conference table come into Mr. Vanderbilt's personal plan since he became president of the World Veterans Fund. "You can throw my bed away," he announced at a Sydney Press conference. He glanced at the cream chenille-covered bed in his hotel suite. "I'm so used to sleeping in chairs now. You want a photograph? Well, I've had no sleep and no shave, and I'm everything but rested."

Since becoming president his horizon has suffered continual change.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "I'm off to New Zea-

land. Two days there. Back on Wednesday. Then to Thailand, Burma, India, Pakistan, Paris, and back to the States by March 20."

Every moment of his time in Sydney was rationed. Already he had met the Gov-

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

ernor of N.S.W., Sir John Northcott, and spoken to nursing sister Heather Kingston, of Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., who by now has been posted to the World Veterans Federation Hospital financed by the fund, at Solo, in Indonesia. The first Australian girl to be given such a posting, Miss Kingston, an expert on orthopaedic nursing, will train Javanese nurses at Solo's 50-bed hospital.

... SHE'LL AID HIS VETERANS

Before nursing sister Heather Kingston, of Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., left Sydney for the World Veterans Federation Hospital, at Solo, Indonesia, she heard about the hospital at first-hand from Alfred Vanderbilt.

AGED 26, Sister Kingston is the first Australian chosen for the hospital.

At Solo she will work with a Finnish physiotherapist, with Indonesian, Filipino, and German surgeons in a modern air-conditioned hospital, which was started after the war between the Dutch and Indonesians.

"It was begun in a garage by Indonesian Dr. Soeharso and an engineer who made the appliances to be worn by the incapacitated," said Sister Kingston. "Then they were given

a disused Army hut, and world recognition, and technical aid by other countries, the World Veterans Fund, and the United Nations."

Sister Kingston will live in a hotel 10 minutes from the hospital by car; will start work early in the morning, and will finish soon after 2 p.m., when the heat of the day is intense.

Appointed for 12 months, she will wear button-through white pique uniforms and American-style caps when nursing.

"Veils will be too hot there," she explained. Sister Kingston spent more

Later he went to Legacy, and to dinner with members of the Royal Australian Army Corps Association, and the Air Force Association — two Australian member groups belonging to the World Veterans Federation. And just before leaving for New Zealand he attended a civic reception at the Town Hall, and visited the Repatriation Hospital at Concord.

World veterans need not have fought on the side of the victors. They come from countries whose policies may be widely opposed — from Italy and Yugoslavia; from Egypt and Israel; from India and Pakistan; from the Netherlands, Indonesia, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. To date, neither the Russians nor Japanese are members.

"Peace with freedom, the welfare of veterans rather than political or governmental groups, is what the veterans subscribe to," explained Mr. Vanderbilt.

Money is brought into the fund by "twisting the arms of those rich enough to part with it," said Mr. Vanderbilt.

He first became interested after former president Sherman Fwing twisted the Vanderbilt arm. He joined the Board of Directors and later took on the presidency.

Money is spent not only on hospital treatment but on rehabilitation and resettlement.

Before the interview ended I asked Mr. Vanderbilt the meaning of his surname.

The original Vanderbilt founded the family fortunes at the beginning of the last century by running a ferry from Staten Island to Manhattan. Wealth was later accumulated in steamships and in railways.

"Vanderbilt," said Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, "means 'of the high place.' I think 'Bilt,' in Dutch, is a kind of rise in the land. Though, from what I know, the land is perfectly flat in Holland."

It seemed to prove that as well as having a high world office, Mr. Vanderbilt has a sense of humor, too.



SISTER KINGSTON

TRIMS FRINGES



Fix fringe to forehead with "SCOTCH" Tape and cut across top of tape. Fringe cuts straight. Hair trimmings stick to tape — won't fall in eyes. "SCOTCH" Brand Cellulose Tape is your handiest household helper.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
SCOTCH BRAND
CELLULOSE TAPE

The original adhesive cellulose tape, and the world's largest seller. "SCOTCH" Tape sticks six times tighter — unrolls easier. In the gay, plaid metal dispenser, 1/8. Handy refills, 1/2.

Manufactured by Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing (Australia) Pty. Limited, St. Marys, New South Wales.



STAY PUT WITH "SCOTCH" TAPE

Little loops of fast-grab "SCOTCH" Tape, sticky side out, will fasten your décolletage to your skin and control gaps. Fasten a flower to your bare skin with "SCOTCH" Tape — it's a knockout!

"KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY"

"SCOTCH" Tape the lid of your powder box, and make sure your powder stays where it belongs.



STOP STOCKING RUNS

Effect emergency repairs with tight-sticking "SCOTCH" Tape. "SCOTCH" Tape has hundreds of uses. Keep a dispenser in every room. Buy them by the dozen.



"care for mustard?"

"yes, if it's

KEEN'S

Appetites everywhere are sharpened by Keen's Mustard. It brings out the flavour of all meats, and adds zest to every food.

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.



For the most comfortable tourist travel

FLY *Rainbow*

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

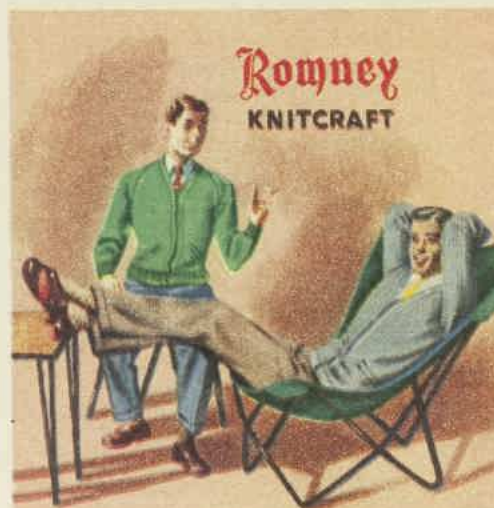


for all the family....

the P.L.B. Shield

is your
unconditional
guarantee
of Quality—
Look for it!
Ask for it!
Buy it!

DISTRIBUTED & GUARANTEED BY
PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD.





Quickest, Safest,
Handiest, First
Aid Dressing...

BAND-AID

ADHESIVE BANDAGES
Won't loosen in Water!

Carry them everywhere!



PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

ONLY
Tek
HAS THE
NO-SLIP GRIP



and only
Tek
HAS THE SLEEK
TAPERED HANDLE
TEKON SUPER
NYLON

"BABY TALK" No. 17

● What is the baby saying? There is £100 in prizemoney for the best captions in this week's contest — the seventeenth in our "Baby Talk" series.

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1.

South Australian reader Mrs. H. R. Miller, 451 Grand Junction Rd., Clearview, won the £50 first prize in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 14.

Her entry is: "No, definitely not! You wouldn't share your bone with me."

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. E. Ruddick, 2A McEvoy St., Kew, Vic.: "You mean the Smiths are coming? With ALL the children?"

Dorothea Dowling, Box 44, G.P.O., Sydney: "And do you think the white organza bonnet for an afternoon wedding?"

Sister Joyce Turner, 6 Gallard St., Ryde, N.S.W.: "Gentlemen, it's tough: I've chewed over it for a week—and got nowhere."

No. 17

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. E. Medlow, 1 Burnley St., Fulham, S.A.: "Heaven forbid—I sent the wrong parcel to the shoe repairer—he has my lunch."

Mrs. E. Moody, 307 Cross Rd., Clarence Gardens, Adelaide: "Is champagne out of slippers just for actresses?"

Mrs. A. Lovatt, 58 Arrol St., Camp Hill, Qld.: "You are quite right, a little dressing does improve the flavor."

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. Betty Wilson, 375 McDougall Rd., Golden Square, Bendigo, Vic.: "Rub me down, Max. I'll floor the champ tonight."

Mrs. E. Roberts, 70 Union St., East Brighton S6, Vic.: "It has been too hot to cook today."

Mrs. A. E. Roberts, 17 North Crescent, New Norfolk, Tas.: "That's the trouble ordering dinner from a French menu."

Miss S. Phillips, 24 Church Ave., Norwood, S.A.: "But for his red hair, I believe I WOULD say 'yes.'"

Miss N. Williams, Farms Rd., Schofields, N.S.W.: "It's the boots that really get me down, Sergeant."



"NO, DEFINITELY NOT! You wouldn't share your bone with me."

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 17 close on MARCH 5. Winners will be announced in our issue dated MARCH 21.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian
Women's Weekly
"Baby Talk" Contest
No. 17
February 29, 1956

New contest awards

Response to our new dual contest this week was so large that we awarded two prizes in each section instead of one.

JUST LIKE A MAN

MRS. ENID BROWN, of Springfield Ave., King's Cross, N.S.W., wins £2/2/- for this entry about her husband.

"The quarrel had been hot and furious, and I had sworn to leave and never return to a husband who had shown such lack of feeling. I threw myself behind the wheel of the car and drove off, leaving my man on the footpath. Came the truce—and I ventured a question, 'Darling, what did you think when you saw me drive off?' 'Oh, I don't know,' came the reply, 'but you left the kerb with no hand signal.'"

MRS. MARGARET ESPLER, of Springvale Rd., Forest Hill, Victoria, won the second "Man" prize of £2/2/-.

She writes: "My husband was, well, I won't say mean, but very, very careful. Each week he would go over my cash account growling and grumbling."

"Once he delivered himself of the following: 'Look here, Meg, mustard plasters, 2/-, two teeth extracted, 15/-, There's 17/- in one week spent on your private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?'"

● Mark your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman." The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MR. R. McKILLOP, of Jellicoe Ave., Kingsford, N.S.W., wins £2/2/- for his entry in the "Woman" section.

His entry concerns two schoolgirl friends who meet many years later in a city street.

First Woman: "My dear, you're looking wonderfully well for your age, but," she paused, "your hair—it looks like a wig."

Second Woman: "Well, just between you and me, it is a wig."

First Woman: "My dear, you would never have known."

Just like a woman?

MRS. N. SCOTT, of Ocean St., Narrabeen, N.S.W., who also won £2/2/-, writes in a different vein:

"His race winnings netted £75 and, home-ward bound, he decided to give his wife £70 and swing in a fiver for himself."

"'Had a bit of a win, dear,' he said as he handed the notes over."

"The little lady was pleased and plopped a vague peck on his cheek as she thumbed through the notes."

"'How much did you say you won, dear?' she asked."

"'Seventy-five quid.'"

"'Then where is the other fiver?'"



COCKROACHES

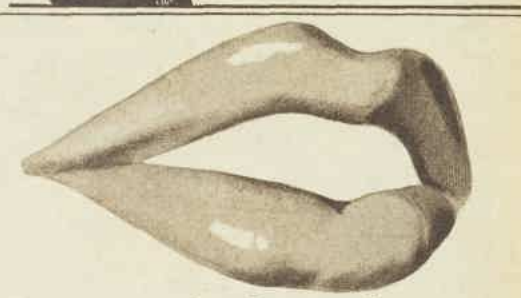
FLEAS, SILVERFISH, ANTS AND
CRAWLING INSECT PESTS

SPRINKLE

Mortein
INSECT POWDER



Mortein Powder also keeps dogs free from fleas. It does not irritate the dog's skin. You can buy it from any chemist or general store throughout the length and breadth of Australia. Insist on Mortein. "When you're on a good thing—stick to it!"



Lips stay lovelier... longer...

Satin-smooth Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick clings to your lips hours longer! Apply, leave for a few minutes, blot gently with a tissue—and Cutex "Stayfast" gives your lips glowing, day-long loveliness. In fashion's newest shades—to match up with long-lasting, hard-wearing Cutex Nail Polish.

CUTEX

StayFast LIPSTICK, 4/6

Cutex Nail Polish, 2/11, regular



Kill the germs
of septic infection
with

'DETTOL'

THE EFFICIENT ANTISEPTIC

SAFE... CLEAN

DOESN'T PAIN — DOESN'T STAIN

Obtainable from all chemists





How to make the most of the Happiest Weeks of your year...



FLY TO NEW ZEALAND BY TEAL

Annual Holidays! Your most precious weeks of any year. Make the most of them *this year . . . overseas . . .* in nearby New Zealand, that wonderland-in-miniature.

It's only 5 hours comfortable flight by TEAL pressurised DC6 airliners (only 5 hours back too). You arrive fresh with your *whole* holiday still ahead to enjoy. New Zealand is a land of fascinating contrasts, ever-changing scenery, ever-warm hospitality. With so much to see within a relatively small area, you can fit a miniature world tour in even two weeks.

Costs, too, fit most pockets. A holiday in N.Z. (including return air fares, good hotel accommodation, travel within N.Z., sightseeing costs) can be done for less than you think. This year, fly by TEAL to a holiday you'll never forget.

AUTUMN IS THE TIME TO SEE NEW ZEALAND

Plan now — see your travel agent about special TEAL itineraries to N.Z. He will attend to all the details. Choose from three TEAL air routes to N.Z., First Class or money-saving Tourist.



RESERVATIONS, INQUIRIES: LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS OR QANTAS

TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED in association with Qantas and

B.O.A.C.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 29, 1956

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Many people send letters to this page requesting personal replies, and most of them enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Once again I must point out, regretfully, that it is not possible to answer letters personally.

PLEASE don't send those stamped envelopes or plead for just one personal reply. The stamps are a waste and the most heartfelt plea for a personal reply must be refused.

Here is this week's first letter.

"I AM 16 years of age and have been going steady with a boy for about six months now. I go out with him about once a week and he has told me that he likes me very much. He is 20. During our friendship he has given me two very beautiful gifts. I now want to break off our romance, as I have met another boy whom I like better. I am wondering whether I should return the gifts to this boy. I feel that if I gave them back I would hurt his feelings, and yet I don't think it fair if I keep them. The gifts are very valuable."

"Pat," Adelaide.

Wrap them up and return them to him by registered post. His feelings won't be hurt—in fact you will probably hurt him so much (temporarily) by breaking it off that the return of the gifts may act as a balm.

"COULD you tell me when thank-you letters should be written? I know of some occasions when they are necessary, but can you tell me exactly, especially about the less formal occasions?"

"Wondering," Naremburn, N.S.W.

Thank-you letters are a courtesy that have been to some extent superseded by a telephone call. But there are occasions when a letter is necessary. You should always write to your hostess if you have stayed anywhere for a weekend or even overnight. And remember that if you have stayed with your girl-friend it is to her mother that you write. If, during a stay in another city or town, you are entertained by friends other than your hostess, a thank-you letter after your return home is appreciated. Thank-you letters are gener-



A word from Debbie . . .

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLAN AHEAD . . .

- For Easter: Give an informal Easter Sunday night party . . . Make your own Easter eggs; hard-boiled eggs wrapped in squares of printed silk, or in a vegetable dye, or hard-boil them straight and paint with water-color a pastel color. Add your own design in a contrasting color and decorate the mantelpiece with the eggs. Eat them with salad for the party tea. If you "toast" one another by clinking the ends of one egg against another until the shells crack, you'll have, it is said, good luck for the year and never go hungry.
- For the football season: Knit yourself a beanie or a fisherman's cap in his team's colors and knit him a matching scarf, English style, half a mile long.
- For new winter petticoats: Starched, white petticoats are old hat now. Your new ones should be made of brilliant colored cottons, ideally straight from the heart of India, where they specialise in a cloth that looks primitive and gay. These petticoats look wonderful under winter skirts.
- For added tidiness: Attach two pieces of elastic to the back of the wardrobe doors with drawing-pins. Use one for belts and the other for hair ribbons.

ally written, too, for gifts, ranging from valuable pieces to gifts of fruit or flowers received in hospital or even best-wishes telegrams. Formal parties, of course, require thank-you letters. Small parties need only a telephone call the next day. An informal get-together at a friend's house does not require either. On an occasion like this, thank your friend for her hospitality when you say good-night and ask her, if her parents are not present, to thank them on your behalf for the pleasant evening.

"COULD you please advise me if I could get board at a girls' hostel in Sydney? If so, could I please have the address as soon as possible?"

"Serking," Bowral, N.S.W.

There are a number of girls' hostels in Sydney. Girls who have stayed at a hostel run by the Methodist Church in Waverley recommend it very highly. For particulars of board and conditions you should write to The Matron, Girls' Hostel, 195 Birrell Street, Waverley. Most of the

churches run such hostels in Sydney; your own clergyman or priest would tell you where to write if you want other addresses.

"I KNOW that most girls are about 17 when they make their debut, but I have been asked if I would like to make mine, and I am only 15. Do you consider this age too young? I have been to a few dances and can dance quite well."

"Mcagan," Tasmania.

I do consider 15 is too young to make your debut, and if you can wait until you are 17 or 18 I think it would be much better. Making your debut is not only a matter of your dancing ability, it is really the occasion when your parents present you to the adult world ready to deal tactfully and effectively with most of the social situations an adult may encounter. Ask your parents about making your debut. If they feel you are old enough, they may give you permission. There is no rule about the age a debutante should be.

wrote all these inventive tunes between 1927 and 1934. Even if you have the original Waller recordings, you can't fail to enjoy Ralph's interpretations.

Sutton absorbed the jazz idiom as a child in St. Louis. He was later discovered by Jack Teagarden, who signed him for his band. After a spell in the Army, Sutton returned to Teagarden for a while, and then took a lengthy engagement with Eddie Condon. Records have claimed him now and here's hoping there's lots more of him very, very soon.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

DISC DIGEST

TRADITION in jazz is sometimes almost as strong as in classical music. Pianist Maluruski, who visits Australia this year, was a pupil of Paderewski, and "Fats" Waller—another type of pianist, but a great artist—was taught by James P. Johnson, who died only a few months ago. Ralph Sutton, playing the music of "Fats" Waller on the LP330S-1025, ensures the continuation of this exuberant style.

You possibly heard Sutton playing the Waller compositions "Oriental Tones" and "Jitterbug Waltz" on "Piano Mood" (330S.1018) and noted that his playing was no

carbon-copy of the Waller style. It was a blend of the maestro's bounce and free-wheeling rhythm with his own subtler shadings and wider technique, and the formula is applied fully in the new disc.

For anyone who enjoys jazz piano I'd say that this disc shouldn't be missed. Sutton, with an unobtrusive rhythm accompaniment, lightheartedly plays his way through "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "Ain't-cha glad?" "Sheltered by the Stars," "Viper's Drag," "Clothesline Ballet," "Take It From Me," "Alligator Crawl," and the classic "Blue, Turning Grey Over You." "Fats"

Doubly Enchanting

thanks to

Gemey TALCUM

with positive-action
deodorant



GEMEY is indeed a wonderful Talc. Fragrant, with the beloved enchantment of Gemey Perfume, its lighter, lovelier super-fine elegance provides an exciting after-bath freshness, which will delight you!

And, in addition, Gemey Talcum has a marvellous ingredient which neutralises the source of perspiration odours. Odourless in itself, this amazing ingredient helps maintain, even longer than before, the fresh fragrance of this lovely powder!

Use Gemey Talcum always after your bath or shower . . . ensure for yourself and your clothes a day-long freshness and fragrance.



4/3

At chemists and stores everywhere

Creation of **Richard Hudnut**

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY



AT THE HORSE STALLS are (from left) Cameron Crisp, of "Hardwicke," Yass, Mary Jane Pratten, of Yass, Diana Hanley, of "Caringa," Crookwell, and Peter Hannan, of "Ilavambra," Cullerin. Mary Jane chose a suit of scarlet velvet, and Diana's navy cotton had a checked trim.



ENGAGEMENT was announced on race-day between John Stratton, of Cootamundra, and Jan Burt (centre), of "Lockerbie," Wallendbeen. They are with Jan's sister, Margaret, who will marry Tony Buckingham, of Newport, in September.



DANCING at the dinner-dance which followed the picnic races are Jan McGuinness, of "Bigga House," Bigga, and Bron McKillop, of Belleue Hill. The dinner-dance was at Crookwell Memorial Hall.

Crookwell Picnic Races

SUPERSTITION was set aside at the Crookwell and District Amateur Picnic Race Club's 13th annual meeting, for the day was a complete success.

Thunderstorms in Crookwell the day before the races made pessimists shake their heads and predict, "It's going to be like last year," when the meeting was postponed because of rain.

But, although the skies on race-day were overcast (a few light showers before lunch didn't dampen anyone's enthusiasm), the weather cleared up in the afternoon and the sun came out. It was a welcome visitor.

More than 400 racegoers travelled to the course at Mr. and Mrs. Jim Carr's property, "Funny Hill," Binda, which is about 13 miles from Crookwell.

IT was a really "country" meeting. The crowd clustered at the rails to watch each race, and between times they wandered up to the horse stalls—made of sturdy sapplings lashed together and covered with leafy branches—to try to assess their favorite's chances.



A TOAST IN CHAMPAGNE. At the dinner-dance Mrs. W. J. Bushell, wife of the president of the Crookwell Picnic Race Club, holds the Corringale Cup while Mr. J. S. Magennis fills it with champagne. Mr. Magennis' mare Fresh Mark won the cup.



RACEGOERS AT CROOKWELL included Suzanne Teakle, of "Holmby," Lake Bathurst, and her fiancé, Tony Pope, of "Gundary Plains," Goulburn. They will wed on Friday, February 24, at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn.



THE amateur jockeys were weighed in on a pair of penny-in-the-slot scales. "We've had to get a big collection of pennies ready," Mr. W. J. L. Doolan, honorary social secretary of the club, told me.

And after the races everyone rushed home to change for the dinner-dance, held at Crookwell's modern Memorial Hall. There they dined off sucking-pig and salads, and later danced till the early hours.

PRESIDENT of the Crookwell Picnic Race Club, Mr. W. J. Bushell, and Mrs. Bushell, of "Fullerton," have had a busy time lately. They arrived home only four days before the races, after a visit to Sydney, where their second daughter, Margot, and Christopher Barton were married earlier this month, at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

ONE of the largest house-parties for the picnics was at "Corringale," Boorowa, home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kelly. The Kellys and their son Rodger asked lots of Sydney friends down for the races, among them Rodger's fiancée, Sue McCallie, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McCallie, of Vaucluse.

The visit had an added interest for Sue, because she could see progress on the house she and Rodger are building at "Corringale."

QUARTET at the picnics are (from left) Mrs. E. J. Merriam, of Canberra, Mrs. Richard Hyles, of "Yamba," Canberra, Mrs. J. S. Magennis, of "Jeir," Yass, and Dian Bushell, of Crookwell.

VISITORS to the picnics included the presidents of clubs in surrounding districts. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown came from Goulburn. Mr. and Mrs. George Walker from Yass, the Richard Hyles from Canberra, and the Mac Browns from Boorowa.

THE races turned into a day of triumphs for Michael Osborne and Mr. W. J. Marks, whose horses chalked up two wins each for them. Michael was the centre of a congratulatory group when Gay Chateau won the Markdale Handicap, and again a race later for Eden Monaro's victory in the Julong Handicap. Mr. Marks' horse Brown Husar won both the first race and the last.

AMONG the youngest racegoers was twelve-month-old Stewart Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Thompson, of "The Decca," Bigga. Stewart was happily picking dandelions when I met him, but later he watched his parents' horse Lachlan River run third in the Julong Handicap.

Anne

It's easier to paint with

HI-GLOSS

and it stays beautiful for years



These are the reasons why . . .

- * DULUX Hi-Gloss flows easily off the brush—no brush-drag—no lap marks, no brush marks.
- * The coverage and hiding power of DULUX Hi-Gloss are unequalled. On previously painted surfaces in good condition, just one coat is sufficient.
- * DULUX Hi-Gloss wears well—it's a long, long time between paintings.
- * DULUX Hi-Gloss is a product of the famous BALM Laboratories, part of the world-wide research organisation of I.C.I.
- * Years of practical tests on thousands of Australian homes have proved that DULUX Hi-Gloss is the cheapest house-paint to choose in the long run.



**CHOOSE YOUR OWN
COLOUR SCHEME**

with the Colour Service this new BALM book provides. This new 24-page BALM book is filled with attractive, modern interior and exterior colour schemes and thought-starters to help you plan colour schemes of your own.

Buy "Colourful Homes" at your nearest DULUX dealer or write enclosing a 2/- postal note to Dulux Finishes, P.O. Box 20, Concord, N.S.W.

ONLY
2/-



IS THE FAMOUS BRAND OF MANY FAMOUS PAINTS



In her Sydney home, famous song-writer May Brahe has tea with Mr. A. H. Pycraft, Lipton's Head Tea Blender, better known as the Lipton Man. May Brahe has composed many of Australia's best-loved songs, including "Bless This House", "To a Miniature" and "I Passed By Your Window". Mr. Pycraft brought Lipton's new Yellow Label Tea in his unique tea caddy.

Composer of "Bless This House" among first to taste the Lipton Man's new Yellow Label tea

"Quite the nicest tea I've tasted," smiled May Brahe, as Mr. A. H. Pycraft, Lipton's Head Tea Blender, offered a second cup of his new tea. "Do tell me the secret of it."

"Just a case of using better teas in the blend to give better taste in the tea," explained the Lipton Man.

"On my tea-buying trips to Ceylon and India I look for the mountain-grown teas that lift a blend out of the rut. Maturata leaf, for instance, gives

a brew of bright, appetising colour and fragrance. Lipton-grown Bandara Eliya tea develops the finest of flavours and aroma. Other Mountain Grown Ceylon teas, like the Dimbuls, and the rich teas of Assam give body and strength to the blend."

Priceless flavour of the world's best teas

Trust Lipton's, who have been growing and blending tea for three-quarters of a century, to bring you the priceless flavour of the world's best teas.

Try Lipton's new Yellow Label Blend in your tea order this week.

NEW YELLOW LABEL BLEND



*Better teas in the blend
— better taste in the tea*

L146.WWFFr

THE "coming out" ball of the Hon. Emma Tennant, 18-year-old British socialite, was one of last year's big social events in London.

Her father, Lord Glenconner, had erected a £2000 ballroom on top of the kitchen at his town house for the occasion. Princess Margaret and the Duke of Kent were among those who danced until dawn.

"But for more ordinary occasions I like small intimate parties on river banks in the moonlight," Miss Tennant said during her visit to Melbourne with her parents.

Speaking slowly, with several pauses, she explained that now she is out of the debutante stage, her London seasons will be busy, but never as hectic as last season.

Although she hasn't yet decided on a career, Miss Tennant will go to Italy later this year to study languages.

Neither the Hon. Emma nor her mother furnishes her wardrobe from leading London couturiers.

"We have a little dress-maker near home who is good at running up clothes from magazine illustrations we give her," Miss Tennant said.

THE old order changes... A survey of Japanese theatres shows that popcorn is gaining favor with young Japanese moviegoers.

Previously, movie fans with an urge to munch had favored dried octopus.

Worth Reporting

They have cure for nostalgia

MOST Australians are familiar with the coolibah tree because of the famous song written about its shade, but few can lay claim to having seen one.

Young Sydney couple Clive and Edna Nicholls, who left recently for an overseas trip, were faced with a problem when English friends wrote asking them to be sure to include a photograph of the tree in their luggage.

"We'd never seen a coolibah tree," said Edna, "and neither had officials of the Sydney Botanic Gardens, who told me to write to Bourke, where the tree is commonly found."

"The officer in charge of the police station at Bourke, in turn, forwarded our letter to the outback police station at Coolabah—named after the tree but spelt differently.

"Back came a photograph of a coolibah tree, a box of grey-green leaves and brown nuts, and a letter giving us a full description of the tree.

"The leaves give a wonderful perfume when they're burnt," said Edna, "so when we're feeling nostalgic we'll invite all our Australian friends to a Coolibah Tree evening, and burn a few leaves."

A NEW AUSTRALIAN shopkeeper, when he first set up a grocery business in Sydney a couple of years ago, greeted his women customers with a charming "Good morning, Madame! Certainly, Madame! Anything else, Madame?"

One of his regular customers, accustomed to his Continental courtesy, was startled recently when he said: "Certainly, dear! Anything else, dear?"

He's a dinkum Aussie now.

Our traffic baffles her, too

BRITISH concert pianist

Irene Kohler, now touring Australian capital cities for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, found Sydney traffic harder to cope with than London traffic.

"I had quite a frightening experience the other day in the city," she said.

"A crowd of people at a street crossing were looking at a policeman on a horse.

"I've noticed Sydney people do this—they watch people digging up roads and working on buildings.

"But I was in a hurry, so I started to cross the road. The next thing I saw was a horse rearing up above me.

"A polite policeman told me people were waiting to cross the street, as I should have done, but he let me off when I said I was new here."

BOOK NEWS by HELEN FRIZELL

IF your wife is going around wearing a smock, knitting little white booties, and talking about extraordinary garments known as cuddlies, waddlies, wrap-pies, and crawlies, she will probably be cheered by a lightweight book called "From Here to Maternity."

It was written, illustrated, and experienced by Peter Rabe — and experienced even more by his wife, Carol, shown in drawings as a young woman with straight hair, wide mouth, wide eyes, and an ever-changing shape.

Observant Peter Rabe records Carol eating French pastry for break-

fast, receiving instructions in folding baby's napkins from her mother (you pin them), her grandmother (you knot them), and from her great-grandmother (you tuck them).

Of course, at the end of nine months, and at the end of the book, the baby arrives.

Conscientiously, chain-smoking Mr. Rabe records what Carol said: "It's a baby." But the maddening man never tells us what the reader really wants to know—whether it was a boy or a girl.

Published by Frederick Muller Ltd., London. (Our copy from the publishers.)

"Too nice for men"

SYDNEY men were recently given a preview of things to come in the way of men's "furnishings" — otherwise cuff-links, tie-clips, belts, and accessories.

The man who brought the "furnishings" to Sydney was Mr. Bob Messler, representative of an American firm and a Princeton old boy.

To prove his point, Mr. Messler — tall, grey-haired, and distinguished — wore the latest Fifth Avenue suit.

"Simple in style, and therefore a perfect foil for 'furnishings' of chunky cuff-links and matching tie-clip," Mr. Messler said.

The few overshadowed females who had been invited were left to mutter, "Too nice for men... make wonderful earrings."

According to Mr. Messler, American women feel just the same.

"They buy the cuff-links they like, give them to their husbands or boy-friends, and then borrow them back," he said.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

Mark was so determined to keep on the move...

'Bride of the Year', but now Janet had really 'out-smarted' herself to bring on a

Honeymoon Crisis

Three days ago it had all seemed perfect: a honeymoon trip around the world — Honolulu, New York, Paris. Yet here they were bickering, changing flight bookings, Janet pleading, Mark beginning to lose his patience.

"It's not that I mind staying on here," he explained, "but I do hate to see you acting like an old woman."

Janet almost burst into tears. She wanted to be fun, to enjoy the adventure. But she knew she'd die if she stood in that lounge another moment or walked across another hot tarmac. It was then she sank onto the pile of luggage and confessed her woes: her feet hurt dreadfully. It had seemed so silly at first, but now she had to give in. Mark looked at her shoes — and smiled.

"We'd better find you a good shoe store right away. These shoes are the trouble. Not because they're smart — I like you in pretty shoes. But before a big trip like this, with all its walking and standing, you should have been sure your shoes were good supple kid. I discovered the secret of kid in my athletics days, and believe me, kid means comfort."

The saleswoman who fitted Janet that afternoon echoed Mark's advice: "You're one of the lucky ones," she said, "at least your husband notices these things. I only wish more people knew how kind kid is to their feet. I always wear kid myself, in daytime and evening shoes. It's soft as a glove and the colours are really the most glamorous this season. All this — and comfort, too! Yet kid costs no more than ordinary leathers."

Walking down Broadway ten days later, Janet felt like skipping for joy... such a wonderful world! And Mark glanced down at her pretty feet, at the very first shoes he'd bought her, and smiled to himself... women are such charming creatures... why must they learn the hard way?

Look for the seal that says: The kid in these shoes is recommended by THE KID TANNERS' GUILD.



Laconia

This season, Laconia Blankets in new patterns and new designs have been created to please every taste and harmonize delightfully in any bedroom... including those still in the "glory box" stage. Be sure you ask for Laconia Blankets - you'll be pleasantly surprised at the low price.

PLAIN . . . CHECK . . . COLOURED . . . RIBBON BOUND

Pure Lamb's Wool
BLANKETS

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY

* There's nothing in the world like WOOL

Introducing the new season with an

ALPHABET OF AUTUMN FASHIONS

Allure, 1956 variety: Tulle face veils, white furs, eyes made up for slight mystery (even in daytime), and big and beautiful hats, often with shadowy brims.

☆

Black, the favorite new "color" of Paris, and thread-of-gold running through brocades, velvets, and wool. Oriental embroideries and dazzling satins, some plain and others printed, in the colors and designs of Persian tapestries.

☆

Coats cut to give a woman a slender, wand-like figure but with enough ease to slip on and off without fuss. They range in length from seven-eighths up. Some are belted low at the back.

☆

Dior's peerless imagination, and his autumn silhouette branching into gentle width at the shoulders above an exceedingly slender body. He calls the silhouette Y; the bosom is high and slightly defined, the waist imagined rather than stressed or seen.

☆

Every evening dress in Paris—almost—has its own coat. Lots are in satin to match a satin dress and furred in mink. Some cover short-skirted dresses in the same length; some trail to the floor. The brocade coat, too, is very chic and new.

☆

Fath's (Madame) reversible mink coat from white mink to brown. The same House produces ballooning sleeves on a velvet sheath dress.

☆

Glimmers of the Orient appear everywhere in fashion—Oriental embroideries, the dress with a Turkish harem skirt, a Chinese-inspired high-necked black satin sheath for theatre evenings.

☆

Heavy-hatted look. Bigger hats, higher hats, bulkier hats—even berets and pillboxes are widening out with brims. The newest big hat is a cloche, and the most glamorous hat in Paris is Balenciaga's white tulle model trimmed with a red, red rose.

Inside the new beltless sheath-slip daytime dress, a fitted lining. It is attached here and there to the dress, and the cut is both simple and intricate.

☆

Jackets are unpredictable. Anything goes, from short to seven-eighths length. Some jackets are mere chest-protectors. Balenciaga's favorite length is 21in. The most-used jacket trim—fur.

☆

Knitwear. Coarsely knitted cardigans, a new crop for the young, that stop short at the waist and are worn over beltless slim-line day dresses. Also a longer cardigan, clinging slim and made in bulky wool.

☆

Late-day formula à la Dior: A short dress (often black) charged with a new explosive fullness—fantastically full from the waist or hips—also his slim decollete black satin sheath with its matching coolie jacket.

☆

Mink, in all its mutations and luxury, in linings, in collars, in capes, in hats, and in muffs—newsiest and most glamorous in pure white on black, looking like a winter snowfall.

☆

Newsy after-dark accessories, the longer, more delicate glove in colored satin and white kid—and the new classic pump in de-luxe evening form made in brilliant satin, brocade, or finished with gold kid.

☆

Obi, a new-again word in fashion, stemming from the Orient. In the East, worn as a wide sash by women and children; in Paris, used in neatly folded panels to create back interest on the slender sheath line.

☆

Pseudo opal jewels and the return of jet. The drama and sparkle of a big blazing fake jewel decoration centred on an evening decolletage. The new look of turquoise set in gold.

☆

Quantities of beltless dresses in Paris, numbers of them slim as a sliver, feminine, elegant, and topped by a bulky hat—the latter worn well down on the head.

by Betty Keep



Ripe for fashion success, capes and their soft new movement over a widening shoulder-line and above a slender body-line. This may well be their year.

☆

Sari—a length of cotton or silk worn as a main garment by Hindu women, now being used in Paris and New York for evening dresses and skirts.

☆

Tunics, a Balenciaga trend from last season, now well established. The tunic is worn in the street and in the ballroom. For day, the newest often have a lightly bloused back.

☆

Uneven train seen on Dior's most ravishing black chiffon evening dress, its skirt layered and short-cut in front and trailing into a train at the back. The bodice bare-shouldered and kept up by a small halter.

☆

Variation in fabric weaves, heavy failles and satins, diaphanous tulle and chiffons, velvet, and wool sheer as silk, and a new wool from Lesur that looks knitted, but isn't.

☆

White swansdown greatcoat by Givenchy, double-breasted, street-length, wildly extravagant, and literally feather-weighted, worn with a matching powder-puff hat, also swansdown.

☆

X marks the top of the silhouette because the eye goes straight to that point, ignoring waist and hips. Reason? The shoulder-line is widening and makes the rest of the body seem to disappear.

☆

Young American beauty—the short double-breasted evening jacket with a deep, cape-like collar made in sheared white beaver—the perfect mantle for young shoulders after dark.

Zippers, this season so cleverly hidden that they close quite invisibly all the new slender beltless one-piece dresses and overblouses to be seen in every Paris autumn collection.

Gary Hordern's

THE silhouette of the season is a slim sheath. Jackets are in all lengths, but none disturbs the easy flow of the elongated, supple, and supremely feminine line of the body.



- Sheath dress with side buttoning (left) is by Dior. The jacket, buttoning on the same side, is cut with a slight flare.
- Ginger-brown astrakhan tweed is used by Dior for the suit, hat, and outsized muff (right). The short-length jacket is front-buttoned to match the buttoning on the slender skirt.
- The same silhouette, slender, close-fitting but not too close, is seen in the two-piece suit by Chanel (far right). The single-breasted jacket has a supple back and four patch pockets.

Paris Notes.



- Blue tweed suit from Patou (far left) presents the same elongated silhouette. The jacket is longer again, has slits at side-seams, and a smooth hipline.
- Large flap pockets accentuate the flowing line of the three-quarter-length coat (left) from Mad Carpentier. The wide, deep collar is a detachable scarf.



- In direct contrast to the elongated slender line is a silhouette with a bloused "top" (see examples above). Madeleine de Rauch blouses a jacket (far left) to almost bolero-like proportions. The bloused tunic (left) by Balenciaga is a terrific autumn success. Dior (above) blouses the back of his medium-length suit jacket from a shaped shoulder yoke.

Dorothea Johnston

"I never wash my hair with soap"
says lovely Australian starring in Hollywood



Victoria Shaw, formerly Jeanette Elphick, co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria is learning Hollywood beauty secrets but still follows the golden rule of hair care—never wash hair with soap—shampoo each week with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo.

Soft, so soft 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo keeps hair shining clean. . .

Made exclusively to clean and beautify hair, this super-soft lather cleanses the oils of your scalp naturally. Will not dry them out—frees them of dirt, dust and dandruff. The soapless lather of 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo rinses out completely. Your hair feels fresh, soft, manageable.



Vaseline

LIQUID SHAMPOO

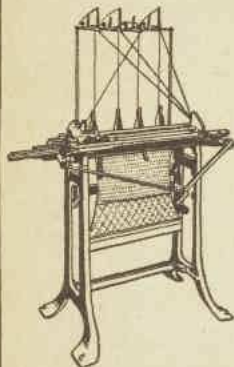
'Vaseline' is a Registered Trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.

At chemists and stores—bottles 2/11 and 4/6.—Plastic Sni-Pak 1/—.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

WITH THE LATEST MODEL

"KNIT-O-MATIC" KNITTING MACHINE



If you have £95 available, you can start your own business and earn up to £50 weekly. You have no overhead expenses! Your earnings are all NETT PROFIT! Call for FREE demonstration or write for FREE literature. YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION WHATSOEVER.

- Knits in 1000 varieties
- Easy to operate
- Free tuition with every machine

We trade in any type of Knitting Machine!

KNITMAC

63 STRAND ARCADE, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

KNITMAC, Box 3906 G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me without obligation, full information completely FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

WW/28.2.50.

SLENDERNESS BY DAY



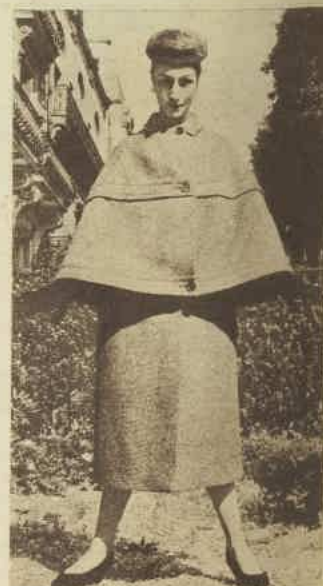
AUTUMN favorite (above), the slip-sheath dress. Paris makes it in all types of wool. The line is unbroken and without clutter.

THE start of this autumn season will see dozens of slender, beltless, slip-sheath dresses. It will also see tunics in every length—and capes by the score.

The new slenderness has an easy "cut"; the figure is suggested rather than stressed.



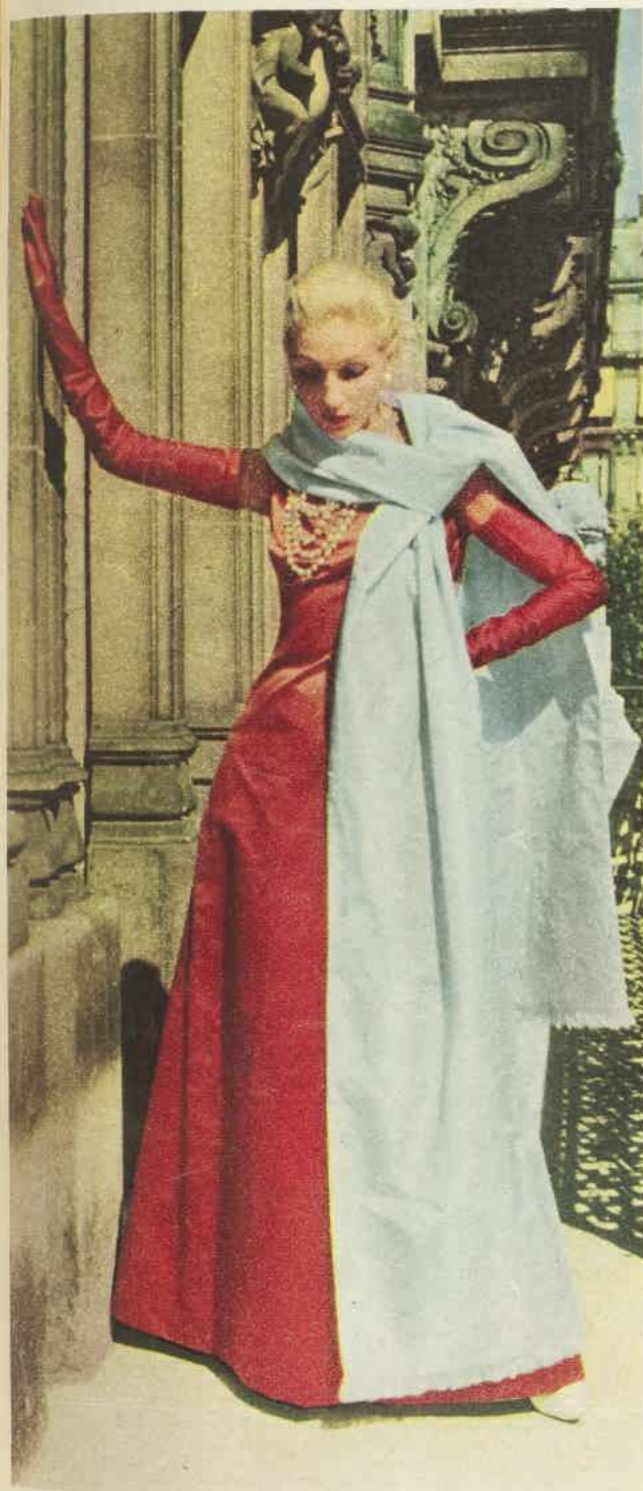
TUNICS, often with a slight look of the Orient, are right in fashion. This one in black wool is worn with a slim matching skirt and one of the new "bulky" hats.



RETURN of the cape is a strong factor in fashion. The one above is used as a part of a two-piece costume. The material is grey wool.

Satins dazzle the evening scene

• Satins will shine through autumn-winter night-life with the brilliance and glow of jewels. The new-season satins have superb lustre and suppleness and the colors are dreamlike. Every fashion house in Paris shows at least one satin dress in its autumn collection. Many are designed in the grand manner.



TUNIC-LINE ball gown in lobster-red satin by Givenchy is worn with an enormous stole in ice-blue. The shoulder-high gloves are matched in color and material to the dress. The classic court shoes are ice-blue satin. Ropes of pearls and matching pearl stud ear-rings complete the ensemble.



FABULOUS sunset-gold evening dress designed by Christian Dior is worn with a gold-and-white cape-stole. The wide, closely fitted under-the-bosom sash is typically Dior.



RUBY-RED evening dress (above) from Jacques Heim has a straight top and narrow shoulder-strap. The lavish skirt is finished with a hipline drape and matching bow.



EMERALD-GREEN evening dress comes from the House of Dior. The dress is front-buttoned from waist to hem and has a matching loop-stole that slips on like a cape.



Guard your
natural loveliness
all over with

Rexona soap

Specially medicated to help skin
blemishes disappear... and now
in thrifty bath size

You can't forever hide skin blemishes with make-up. Clear them right out of your life, by deep cleansing your skin with Rexona Soap. Rexona gives your skin that fresh natural loveliness through the gentle corrective help of Cady, a special medication of five rare beauty oils exclusive to Rexona.

BUY THE
BIG BATH SIZE
Bath size—1/5
Regular size—1/1



X.133.WW132g

A NAME TO



REMEMBER

Centenary
PURE WOOL CLOTHS

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• The slim, beltless one-piece sheath dress is a good first "buy" for autumn. It can be worn later under a coat, matching stole, or jacket.

THE reader's problem in the first letter I selected to answer is solved by the "Dress Sense" design I have chosen and illustrated at right.

Here is the letter and my reply.

WHAT is the newest style of one-piece dress for autumn? I live in the suburbs, do a lot of travelling by train, am constantly on the go, and need the dress to wear with or without a coat. My figure is a well-proportioned SSW. Could you design me something new and smart?

The newest one-piece dress for autumn is the sheath dress. It is beltless and slimmed down and has enough shape to show a good figure to great advantage. A dress in this category would be practical and chic for you because it is an ideal "background" dress for a coat in any length.

Typical is the dress illustrated at right. It is made in fine smooth wool, but would look equally smart in a wool with a nobby surface or in a fine tweed. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Lines under the sketch give further details and how to order.

"WOULD you give me advice about buying a new suit for winter and early autumn? I don't feel like any of the new extreme fashions, but I want something youthful and new looking."

There are numbers of suits with youthful lines that are right in fashion. For instance, from Balenciaga comes a suit in black and white tweed, the jacket double-breasted and cropped to the new very short length, only a matter of inches below the waist. The jacket is indented slightly at the waistline and beltless; sleeves are three-quarter-length, and the neckline high and finished with a small collar. The skirt is slender.

"I AM a married woman aged 21 with one child and, as I can't spend too much time or money on my clothes, I thought I would write to you for some smart and practical ideas to make a winter dress. I am SSW fitting."

My suggestion is a fine tweed (gold and brown would be nice for the color) pinafore-sheath-dress. Have the sheath made slim, narrow, and beltless, front-buttoned and finished with a small collar and revers. It will be sleeveless, of course. Under the sheath wear a gold jersey blouse with a shawl collar that turns up to a hood.

"COULD you please advise me about the most fashionable material to buy for a short-skirted, dinner-to-theatre dress?"

Satin, velvet, brocade, in that order of importance. Classic shoes to match will



add a really new and chic autumn foot note.

"IS the stole for daytime still being worn?"

Yes, and for late-day and later, too. The return of the stole is a big autumn fashion item. Stoles are generally wide and unadorned, often wide enough to be mistaken for a cape or coat. By day they are more often than not made in the same material as the dress with which they are worn.

"I AM looking for an idea to trim last year's suit. I would love fur, but am worried about it looking 'too much,' as I am very small. The jacket of my suit has a high neck and no collar."

Your worries are over. You can wear a small fur collar (as they are doing in New York) made in Astrakhan or beaver, laid flat at the neckline like a man's collar.

I advise you to have a red coat — mulberry-red — and sporting a long, fringed scarf instead of a collar. Have the coat made on narrow lines, sleeves set in and uncuffed, and the coat buttoned from neck to hemline with matching colored buttons.

"ARE the latest evening frocks for the new season to be beltless? I am rather worried because my figure is such that I must wear a belt. I am attending a formal evening function with my husband and want to buy a new frock."

Don't worry, not all evening dresses are beltless. Dior used an Empire line marked with a wide sash or a band of velvet. This line is very flattering and one you would do well to follow.

"WOULD a satin evening coat be suitable for winter? Our climate is not extreme. I am 17 and want something striking and glamorous."

Yes—and it could be lined with wool. I suggest a rosy-red for the color and a matching shade for the lining. Have the coat cut straight and slim and finished with a flat, round, fur collar. The latter could be white.

"I HAVE a bright but deep blue wool dress and am now worried about the correct color for the accessories. I don't want to wear black, in fact I would like colored accessories. Also, what shade of stockings would tone best?"

I suggest a deep red leather for shoes and bag, pale champagne for gloves, deep red velvet for hat (beret), and pink-toned beige stockings.

"WHAT would be a good style for a frock to wear out playing cards in the evening and visiting friends, etc? I don't want a frock that just looks like an afternoon frock, and I don't want anything without a belt. I like myself in pastel shades."

I suggest oyster satin, nearly white, for the material. Have the dress street-length, made with a shirt-waist top, and skirt widened by unpressed pleats. Finish the waistline with a deep coral-red satin cummerbund, and wear the dress with oyster satin shoes.

"PLEASE advise me about some red brocade fabric; it is printed with an all-over self-flower design, and there is a tracery of black in the background. I am making the fabric up into a narrow floor-length evening dress and wondered if you would suggest a trim for the top."

My suggestion for a trim is black velvet ribbon, used as shoulder-straps and to band a square-cut back-and-front neckline. Where each shoulder-strap joins the bodice (at front) finish with a flat velvet bow. Wear the dress with long black gloves.

"I HAVE an old-fashioned beaver fur cape I would like to convert into some type of fur trimming or any style of thing that is new, and I would be grateful for your advice."

A fur bag or muff is one of the newest and most dramatic accessories for winter. Small flat fur collars are also popular—on the latter a scalloped edge is very new. Fur hats are also in the winter-fashion picture.

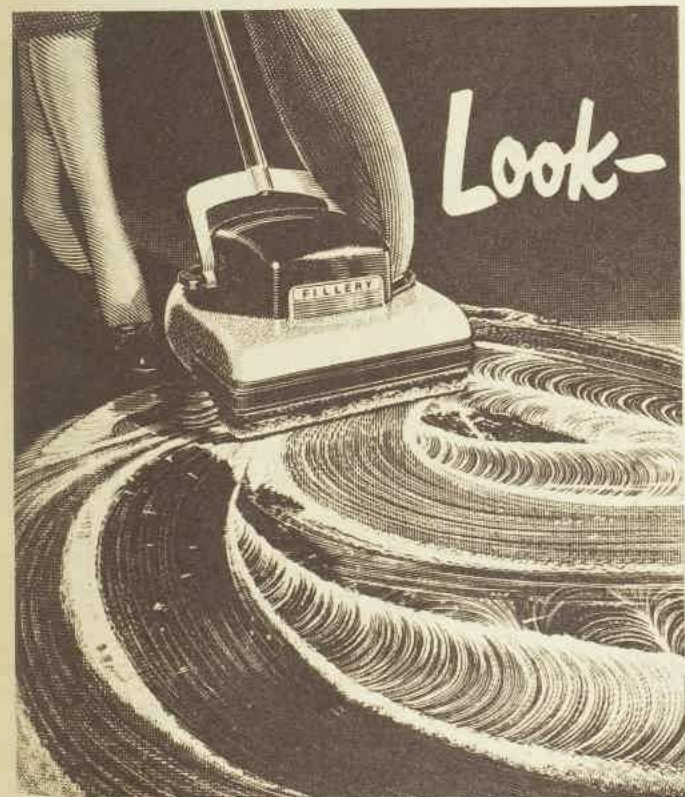
AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning FEB. 27

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in finding a lost article.</p>	<p>★ You may be told privately of an opening in your field before it is known generally. This gives you the inside track and no time should be lost in advertising qualifications.</p>	<p>★ Your own four walls may look pretty good to you and the hours you spend at home will be a relief from outside interests which are exhausting. New plans take shape.</p>	<p>★ Your love affair may be about to reach a turning-point. Either you decide you cannot live without each other or you each go your separate ways.</p>	<p>★ Snags, unexpected opposition to your plans, problems to be solved when people and situations become difficult could turn your social efforts into a crossword puzzle.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. There's luck for you out-of-doors.</p>	<p>★ Work and play can be mixed when done in congenial company and in bright surroundings. Some of you decide to improve the amenities on the job.</p>	<p>★ The coming and going of young people and their friends sounds a cheerful note in your centre of domestic life. You might try out experiments in cookery.</p>	<p>★ Some of you announce your engagement. A greatly admired ring may be in the offing. If older you may plan to bring two romantic young people together.</p>	<p>★ Everything should be running smoothly, but keep both hands on the steering wheel. Backseat drivers and there will be a number of them should be ignored.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, purple, green. Gambling colors, purple, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck for you in high places.</p>	<p>★ Some of you make the acquaintance of distinguished people on the job or new staff members change your daily round. If a housewife, you may be asked to entertain.</p>	<p>★ Although you are anxious to put your best foot forward, don't grow house-proud and make family or guests uncomfortable for fear they may upset neatness.</p>	<p>★ If you introduce your little heart to your best friend, you may be asking for trouble. Should they hit it off you will be out in the cold.</p>	<p>★ Appear before the public of your little world as frequently as possible. Display your abilities as an executive, whether you are organising something big or small.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Your luck will be on the highway.</p>	<p>★ Opportunity could arise to be transferred to another district, branch, or department. Since you will have the choice, weigh all factors involved.</p>	<p>★ Changes of residence for one reason or another may be on the agenda for many of you. If going on holidays or moving to a different district, write lists of essentials.</p>	<p>★ Love affairs are frequently tied up with adventures, exploring new places, hobbies, studies, common enthusiasms. You'll have a chance to analyse your feelings.</p>	<p>★ If a certain group have given you all you can learn from them, it may be time for you to fade out. One can outgrow people as well as activities.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. There's luck in extra money.</p>	<p>★ If determined on a fuller, more interesting routine or on an increase in income, use your creative imagination to stretch your money by ingenious methods.</p>	<p>★ Ways and means to obtain what you want must be discussed before you can swing into action. The all-important financial basis should be supported by full information.</p>	<p>★ Career matters may keep the boy-friend busy now, and jealousy of his other interests will not mend matters. Show sympathy and understanding.</p>	<p>★ A good deal of talk behind closed doors could lead to a mild social conspiracy to co-opt a certain person to a committee or to persuade the right one to accept office.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red and grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. There's luck in partnerships.</p>	<p>★ Don't be surprised if some of your suggestions go over the heads of your associates. Modify your ideas and be prepared to inch along until others appreciate you.</p>	<p>★ You won't have much time to yourself this week because at least some of your social life will focus on your home. Be sure your guest-shelf is stocked.</p>	<p>★ Keep that critical faculty of yours under control. The one you love is not perfect and neither are you. A word of praise in season will be appreciated.</p>	<p>★ Most of your social life will include members of the opposite sex. Tact and patience from you could reconcile conflicting views. Help should be welcome.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, orange, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck depends on quick action.</p>	<p>★ Get more variety into your work. If possible, when bored with the task in hand, speed up by changing to something quite different. Don't forget that artistic touch.</p>	<p>★ That domestic revolution, long threatened, is on the way. You may spend hours shifting the furniture around, rearranging ornaments, making new curtains.</p>	<p>★ Unless you are where you can meet eligible young people your chance of finding a marriage partner is dim. There are plenty of gold-diggers of either sex.</p>	<p>★ Sometimes anticipation is almost as enjoyable as the actual event when it takes place. Those concerned with sport, on match committees, receive thanks.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue and rose. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. You'll be lucky in speculation.</p>	<p>★ Now is a good time to think about your appearance. This means your diet, exercise, voice, and mantrims, as well as your clothes. Bring out the real you.</p>	<p>★ Put your artistic gifts to work. Yours is a creative sign and you can accomplish improvements to your surroundings by your own efforts without much money.</p>	<p>★ You're in love, head over heels, and the beloved is a superman, or supergirl, in your eyes. You are capable of devotion, but make sure this is the genuine article.</p>	<p>★ Some of you will gain a prize in a competitive affair or a game of chance. Others, especially younger subjects, shine in a romantic setting.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. There is luck through thrift.</p>	<p>★ Check up on home affairs. If you are in paid employment they may have got out of hand. Make sure accounts are up-to-date, and finances on a sound basis.</p>	<p>★ Housework may be lightened through the absence of a member of the family or the departure of a guest. This week favors home-dreaming and repairs.</p>	<p>★ Empty-headed and disillusioned? The thrill has fled and neither of you seems to care as you once did. Never mind. There are new friends, perhaps a new love.</p>	<p>★ Stick close to home and see that others come to you. If you have a barbecue, this is its moment of glory. In some cases renewed activity in your garden.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, off-white. Gambling colors, cream and green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Your luck comes in a letter.</p>	<p>★ Communications are all important. Watch advertisements, articles in publications, visit demonstrations of new gadgets or goods. Avail yourself of advice.</p>	<p>★ If a parent arrangement with a relative to baby-sit may give you greater freedom to attend to affairs outside the home. If a teenager, probably an invitation.</p>	<p>★ He a good listener—it's a wonderful gift, particularly if you are a girl. You can pay dearly for monopolising the conversation. In time your friend will find another.</p>	<p>★ An unanticipated invitation may set you chasing after new clothes to wear. Others fill their time with a number of brief visits for a definite purpose.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, blue, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Your luck lies in buying and selling.</p>	<p>★ There should be a lift in the financial sphere right now. Nearly all of you may benefit from sources upon which you never counted. This will be through merit.</p>	<p>★ Purchases for the home are likely to be a major event. The bargain-hunter may have decisions to make, samples to compare, or finances to consider.</p>	<p>★ Cutting down on expenses in order to save for the future? Think up pleasant ways to enjoy your dates without being too extravagant.</p>	<p>★ If asked to help raise funds for the benefit of the community, your week is likely to be exceptionally busy. Help from a new quarter could brighten a programme.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky colors for love, pastels. Lucky for gambling, tri-colors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck lies in your quick wits.</p>	<p>★ Take charge of events. Don't let events take charge of you. Lending and borrowing will be unfortunate and inevitably lead to trouble.</p>	<p>★ Your home surroundings should express your personal taste. Although you did not design your house or flat, you can still give it an original touch.</p>	<p>★ Some of you now are meeting for the first time the person destined to play the leading role in your life. It could even be a case of love at first sight.</p>	<p>★ People turn to you and seek your advice or help. You can launch any undertaking which appeals to you and your special contribution will be stimulating.</p>



Look- a vacuum cleaner that scrubs AND POLISHES, TOO!

YES, Fillery does all your floor chores, saves you so much time, labor and money. Firstly, it's a marvellously efficient and easy-to-handle vacuum cleaner, designed to clean your precious carpets more thoroughly yet more gently. Now—merely move a lever and . . .

IT'S A POWERFUL TWIN-BRUSH POLISHER

... actually the most practical you can buy. The polishing brushes are tucked away quite clear of your carpets when you vacuum and descend smoothly to put a brilliant gleam on your floors when you move a lever. That's all there is to it! And to scrub, you just change over the polishing brushes to scrubbing brushes—a twist of the wrist does it! You'll realise just how simple it is when you see Fillery demonstrated at your local dealer.



Remember, Fillery is a single compact unit designed to do all three major floor-cleaning jobs—vacuuming, polishing, scrubbing.



The successor to the vacuum cleaner

SVPI 27

VACUUM
POLISH
SCRUB

with

FILLERY

Berlei



...WAKENS YOUR SLEEPING BEAUTY

Waken your sleeping beauty with the magic touch of a Berlei girdle

... complete the illusion with a Berlei bra! Berlei Foundations are

designed with You in mind.



"CURVETTE." Gives the new lovely high-rounded line. B and C cups, 30"-38". Ask for:

Cotton 815 . . . 27/6—white.
Nylon Lace 805, 37/6, white or black.

"STRAPLESS." Wear it with your "show-shoulder" frocks. It's a beautiful waist-depth $\frac{3}{4}$ bra, with wired cups. Embroidered nylon. B and C cups, 30"-38". White, pink or black. Ask for 222 . . . 49/6.

"MAIS OUI." A cute 'n comfy $\frac{3}{4}$ bra with far-apart shoulder-tipping straps for revealing necklines. In white nylon. A and B cups, 30"-36". Ask for 225 . . . 42/-.

"EMPIRE LINE." Sheer torso control to meet fashion's demands, in exquisite embroidered nylon marquisette. Elasticised back panel. B and C cups, 30"-38". White, pink or black. Ask for 291 . . . 52/6.

BERLEI MAKES YOU BEAUTIFUL • BE BEAUTIFUL, BUY BERLEI

**BERLEI BRINGS
YOUR FASHION
TO LIFE**

"FANCY FREE." The famous Berlei 626. Cleverly cut stretch-cloth and nylon elasticised net give perfect figure smoothness. In white, pink and black. 22"-28", 104/6. Team it with nylon lace bra 802, in cool white, pink or black. Moulds and holds with the slickest back fastening ever. A, B and C cups, 30"-38". 36/6.

802

626

854

'LONDON PRIDE'

**7002
'YOUTHLYNE'**

"LONDON PRIDE." A hip-length nylon Torsollette for fashion's lovely fluid line. Perfect under ballerinas. Back fastening. Flexible boning. Detachable suspenders. Ask for 234, white, pink or black, 28"-36". 110/6.

"YOUTHLYNE." Slide-fastening Girdle with elastic "waist definer." Boned voile front panel for cool, smooth control. Elasticised side sections, stretch-down back. In eight fittings for sizes 26"-38". Prices from 143/6.

"CONTRO-BRA." Giving fashion's line to the fuller figure, in durable pink or white cotton with feminine lace yoke. C and CC cups, 32"-44". Ask for 854 . . . 34/6.



**BE PERSONALLY FITTED
AND GET THE BERLEI
THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU**

Berlei fits your shape as well as your size. Only Berlei has the exclusive Figure Type Indicator. Just a quick 3-measurement check by the Corsetiere and there's your fitting—and the right Berlei for you.



Berlei

WAKEN YOUR SLEEPING BEAUTY • BUY

POND'S gives your complexion that sweet, happy glow—just like a girl in love.



POND'S solves these beauty problems that prevent you revealing your inner loveliness...

Sallow skin . . . coarsened texture . . . enlarged pores.

Unsuspected cause of most "poor" complexions is *hidden dirt*—dirt that goes deep into pore openings where it *hardens*, making your skin look dull and coarse. Only *cream* is able to completely clean out water-resistant dirt and greasy make-up. And Pond's Cold Cream is the most successful deep-cleansing cream in the world.

After your Pond's Cold Creaming every night you'll immediately be aware of an exciting new surge of loveliness.



Pond's Cold Cream in the new economy-size jar is only 6/9. Standard jar is 4/- and handy tube 2/-.

And even more dramatic results when you "re-protect" your skin with Pond's after each day-time washing.

Powder that doesn't cling . . . shininess . . . blackheads.

Always, before you use any kind of make-up or powder, film on an invisible veil of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. This satinating base instantly protects a freshly-cleansed skin.

And, Pond's Vanishing Cream helps your skin throw off its everyday accumulation of oily, dead skin cells. Do this, and you're following the complexion care of the great beauties of society. Cover face lavishly with Pond's Vanishing Cream—tissue off after one minute—now skin glands function normally.

See the fresh new bloom to your complexion—a younger look glowing through your favourite make-up.



You'll see the new economy-size jar (6/9) the standard jar (4/-) and the handy tube (2/-) at your favourite cosmetics counter.

Parched dry skin . . . ageing dry lines . . . flaky patches.

Dry skin can *push* you into middle age—and its signs appear right around 25—sometimes even as early as 19. Tiny forehead lines . . . little crowsfeet . . . rough, flaky patches. Dry skin needs extra lubrication, so the richer the cream you use, the better. You'll notice Pond's Dry Skin Cream has a unique silkiness of texture. This is because it's refined, so its rich lanolin can penetrate the "papery" surface of dry skin *quicker*, soften *deeper*.

Economy-size jar 3/3. (A whole season's protection from dry skin.) Standard jar 4/11. Handy tube 2/3.



Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream and you'll grow lovelier, not just older!

Continuing . . .

Melody of Love

from page 9

Willson Clemens." His tone told her she ought to be impressed, so she said: "Fancy!"

He laughed. "Not a convincing performance. You've never heard of him. He's famous in the music world. And Edmund Colfield is coming, too. He is the conductor of the Harmony Orchestra—if he likes me, and if Clemens likes me—"

"Aren't you frightened?" "No, funnily enough. Just kind of excited and calm all at once."

The bus trundled on, then David said suddenly, "Clemens will tell me if it is worth going on."

She said passionately, "Of course it is worth while going on! You are good!"

"But if he says that I am not good enough?"

She was silent for a couple of miles, then, as the bus entered the village and they began collecting their things to get out, she said: "Even Willson Whatsit cannot know everything. Don't be discouraged, whatever he says."

"That is a profound truth, and one I didn't have the brains to think out for myself. Thank you, Miss Randall."

Early next morning a worried young man presented himself at the cottage door. "Have you seen Bill? He hasn't come home this morning. He is never later than eight o'clock."

Pamela glanced at the clock. Half-past nine. She dried her hands, took off her apron. David looked harassed, and he ought to have been at his piano half an hour ago.

"I'll go and call him. He will be in the wood."

"No use. He is stone-deaf."

Pamela pushed David gently before her out of the kitchen. "Go and practise. Willson Clemens will be here at eleven. I'll find Bill, don't worry."

Not a gleam of soft white fur was to be seen in garden or wood. Time rushed on.

"Bill! Bill!" she called again, her voice choked with tears.

Ten forty-five. Pamela hurried in to "Rose Briar." David looked up hopefully.

"Not yet, but I'm sure to find him. It is time to meet Clemens at the bus stop. It won't improve his temper if he loses himself and spends all morning hunting for the cottage. Go and tidy yourself—change that shirt and brush your hair."

Pamela hurried home, and grabbed her bike. "Got an idea, Mummy," she called as she pedalled furiously towards the village.

When she returned, Mrs. Randall reported: "They have arrived. He has taken them indoors and is playing to them."

Pamela groaned. If only Bill could have been found first. She thrust a damp parcel of cods' heads into her mother's hand. "Fry these, please. I am going to listen."

She crept to the low hedge. She could see the crown of a white-haired head whose owner was seated in the Daintons' best easy chair. The waterfall cascades, instead of springing, sunlit, over fern-hung rocks poured heavily out of a kitchen tap.

Pamela groaned. She sped back to the kitchen, where a highly developed smell of fried cods' heads filled the place.

"Poof! How disgusting." She wrinkled her nose. In the warm summer air the smell was sickening. "If that cat can't hear he can smell. I'm going to waft the frying-pan about in the wood and—"

She stopped speaking. Close at hand, loud and demanding, came the wail of a hungry cat.

"It worked!" Pamela gasped. Her mother, without a word, opened the coal-house door. Bill walked out. He seized a fish-head.

Pamela seized Bill. She tore across the garden, leapt the hedge, rushed into "Rose Briar," where two men stared in amazement at the spectacle of a young woman clutching a large cat, cross at having dropped his fish-head by the window.

"David, I've found the cat! Bill is all right. Play again, play properly." She swung round to the two distinguished visitors. "You haven't really heard him yet. Do listen."

David swung round to the piano and brought his hands down on the keys in a triumphant chord. Bill ate his retrieved fish-head on the cushion—not his usual fastidious manners, but he had spent the night and most of the morning in a foreign coal-house and was hungry. Pamela withdrew tactfully.

In mid-afternoon, an ear-splitting whistle brought Pamela into the garden. She looked cool and sweet.

David grabbed her hands and shook them till they hurt.

"He liked me! They both liked me. I've got two engagements to play with the orchestras in Manchester and Liverpool—possibly London later on. Clemens is talking about a concert—Pam, I'm away to a splendid start. I owe it all to you."

"You don't. You owe it to your own talent, your own hard work."

"If you hadn't found Bill, all that would have gone for nothing."

"It wouldn't. You might have failed today, but not always. Nothing could keep you down." She looked up at him, her eyes shining with faith.

"Pam, do you truly believe that?" He still held her hands, and now he lifted them to his lips, kissing her finger-tips. "That is all I needed. Someone to believe in me. He-lo!" He stared at the small brown hands laid in his.

"Woman, where is your ring?"

Her voice was very soft. "You told me it was important to believe in something. You told me to look at my painting and find out for myself whether it was worth a lifetime of passionate dedication. It wasn't, David, I'm not an artist, as you are. But once I started looking, I didn't stop at pictures. I went on to—Andrew. And I couldn't, didn't, believe in him, either. Not as I ought to have done."

His voice rose triumphantly. "So now you are free? I knew you wouldn't marry him."

"Because," she smiled up at him, "because he looked like a turnip?"

"No. Because you are going to marry me. You are, aren't you?"

Pam could not for the moment answer, for her face was buried in his shoulder.

"Pam. Oh, Pam, my darling. I've no money. I am on the lowest rung of my career. I have nothing at all to offer you—except my heart, which says it loves you. But if we have love and youth and faith, my darling, we can go most places. Will you take a chance?"

Pamela lifted her head. Her eyes shone softly. "What do you mean—a chance? It's a certainty."

His arm tightened about her. He kissed her hair, her eyes—and then, presently, her lips.

(Copyright)

ROMANTIC DRAMA OF INDIA

• The monsoon season makes a turbulent background for "Rains of Ranchipur," Twentieth Century-Fox's modern drama of a beautiful white woman (Lana Turner) and a dedicated Indian physician (Richard Burton). Michael Rennie, Fred MacMurray, and Joan Caulfield co-star.



GLAMOROUS Lana Turner (above) has an exacting role as Edwina, the sophisticated wife of wealthy Lord Alan Esketh (Michael Rennie), in the new film. Because she is bored with her marriage of convenience, Edwina pits her charm against racial tradition in an impossible love affair with an Indian physician.



ENGLISH ACTOR Richard Burton as Dr. Safti, the young Indian hero of "Rains of Ranchipur." He is attracted by the blond beauty of Lady Esketh (Lana Turner), falls deeply in love with her, but remains in Ranchipur to pursue his career. The picture is in color CinemaScope.



WINSOME Joan Caulfield, who returns to the screen after a long absence to play Fern Simon and share the film's subsidiary romance with Fred MacMurray, a hard-living American engineer and childhood friend of Edwina Esketh. The screenplay is based on a Louis Bromfield story.

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON

Cleans your hair like magic!

... leaves it shining, silken-soft and lovely!



RICHARD HUDNUT egg creme shampoo

Soapless...concentrated!

This wonderful, soapless shampoo contains the natural, beneficial protein of egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier of hair.

Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleanses your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling, "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.

Dull, dry hair, limp, oily hair, gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Every permanent "takes" better. Best of all, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos.



8 oz. 8/9 4 oz. 4/11

...and to keep your hair well-conditioned,
easy-to-set and manage rinse with

RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE

This is an amazingly effective hair reconditioner... a boon to sun, wind or surf-damaged hair... makes your hair tangle-free, easy to comb and set... strengthens your perm or natural wave. Pin curls take shape smoothly—are bound to last longer. Perfectly wonderful for children's hair, too—no more snarls to comb through. 4-oz. bottle, 4/11. 8-oz. bottle, 8/9.

Creations of Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Young Lovers

THE old saw that everybody loves a lover holds good in J. A. Rank's modern romance "The Young Lovers" to the extent that you have a feeling of warm indulgence towards the film's central characters in their unhappy plight.

This is due largely to the sensitive performance of French actress Odile Versois, who fills the screen with real warmth and understanding in the role of a lonely expatriate from an Iron Curtain country in love with a young American.

Screen newcomer David Knight has collegiate good looks and a pleasant enough personality to carry this part through.

"The Young Lovers" is not by any means a faultless pic-

ture. Particularly in the early stages the pace is ponderous, and the story-line changes course in mid-stream.

It is when political issues become involved that what has been a straightforward romance set against sombre and busy backgrounds of London develops into a chase melodrama.

Objections to the love affair stem from the circumstance that the lovers' allegiance rests on opposite sides of the Iron Curtain.

When, finally, they make a break for freedom and happiness everyone is with them all the way. It is nice that the young lovers are allowed a happy ending, though ruthless logic is against it.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★ The Purple Mask

CAN you imagine Tony Curtis, that all-American boy, as a

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Royalist dandy of Napoleon's time? That is the role he plays in Universal's lavish CinemaScope adventure, Bronx accent and all.

The sight of Curtis in costume is bound to thrill the girls, for he carries off the period fashions with jaunty assurance.

He also brings a surprising amount of zest to the part of a swashbuckling adventurer who hides behind a trippery appearance while rescuing unfortunate aristocrats from the guillotine.

His disguise fools Bonaparte's spies long enough for Tony's Purple Mask to be as mysterious as the Scarlet Pimpernel, to romance the girls with the ardor of a Don Juan, and even to perform a trick or two with a Houdini flourish.

Some lively bouts of sword-play help to string out a plot that is always conventional, occasionally laughable.

Colleen Miller plays the blueblood plotter who finally captures the Purple Mask, and actor Dan O'Hertly finds himself in very strange company indeed as an anti-Royalist adventurer.

In Sydney—Capitol.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "The Purple Mask," color CinemaScope romantic adventure, starring Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller. (See review this page.) Plus "Running Wild," juvenile drama, starring William Campbell, Manie Van Doren, Keenan Wynn.

CENTURY.—★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Young Lovers," romantic drama, starring David Knight, Odile Versois. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Runaway Bus," comedy, starring Margaret Rutherford, Frankie Howard.

LIBERTY.—"Camille," romantic drama, starring Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—Film Festival: ★ "Red Beret" and ★ "Girl of the Year," 23/2/56. ★★ "The Big Heat" and ★★ "Knock on Any Door," 24/2/56. ★★ "From Here to Eternity" and "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," 25/2/56. ★ "Loves of Carmen" and ★★ "Born Yesterday," 27/2/56. ★★ "Song to Remember" and ★ "Father Is a Bachelor," 28/2/56. ★★ "The Jolson Story" and ★ "Gun Fury," 29/2/56.

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "The Seven Year Itch," de Luxe color CinemaScope comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Marilyn Monroe. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★ "Verdi, The King Of Melody," musical biography in Ferranacolor, starring Pierre Cressoy, Anna Maria Ferrero. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "House of Bamboo," color CinemaScope crime drama, starring Robert Stack, Robert Ryan, Shirley Yamaguchi. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "To Catch a Thief," color VistaVision romantic thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Rains of Ranchipur," color CinemaScope drama, starring Lana Turner, Richard Burton, Fred MacMurray. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "The Baker's Wife," French-language comedy, starring Raimu, Ginette Leclerc. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Trial," courtroom drama, starring Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire. Plus featurettes.

Not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Marty," comedy-drama, starring Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"New York Confidential," crime melodrama, starring Broderick Crawford, Richard Conte, Anne Bancroft. Plus ★ "Cattletown," Western, starring Dennis Morgan, Phil Carey, Rita Moreno. (Re-release.)

ALLADIUM.—"Timberjack," Trucolor adventure, starring Sterling Hayden, Vera Ralston, David Brian. Plus "Counterfeiters," crime melodrama, starring John Sutton, Doris Merriek. (Re-release; review unavailable.)

STATE.—"Benny Goodman Story," musical biography, starring Steve Allen, Donna Reed. Plus "Red Sundown," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Rory Calhoun, Martha Meyer, Dean Jagger.

VICTORY.—"Forbidden Cargo," mystery drama, starring Nigel Patrick, Elizabeth Sellers, Terence Morgan. Plus "Three Steps To The Gallows," action drama, starring Scott Brady, Mary Castle.

News from studios

AFTER finishing her recent role in "Storm Centre," Bette Davis announced that she will not come back to Hollywood for a full year. However, local insiders feel that a good script would lure her out of semi-retirement at the home she shares with husband Gary Merrill in Portland, Maine, on the Atlantic coast.

AUDREY HEPBURN will team with Fred Astaire in a film version of "Funny Face," a hit Broadway musical play of the 'twenties by the Gershwin brothers. Audrey owes Paramount a picture for 1956. Apparently "Funny Face" is the studio's final choice from among a number of scripts.

ALTHOUGH young James Dean lost his life last summer in a car smash, more fan-mail for him rolls into Warners' studio each month than for any other star. His closest competitor is Tab Hunter, but he receives fewer letters. In one month more than 4000 letters were sent to Dean.

WITH the motion-picture future of Grace Kelly in serious doubt, her studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is looking for a replacement. They believe that they have found such an actress in Cornell Borchers, a tall, regal German actress who is under contract to Universal. A loan-out deal between the studios would solve this problem.



1 CHANCE to play with Ben Pollack's band is big thrill for young Benny (Barry Truex), left. The band thrives. On tour Benny is befriended by jazz devotee John Hammond and sister Alice.



2 GANGSTER Little Jack (George Givot), in chair, objects when Pollack tries to leave Chicago. But Jack relents when asked to by Benny, a boyhood friend (now played by Steve Allen).

BENNY GOODMAN STORY

★ Universal's screen biography tells of the career and life of Benny Goodman, clarinetist and American jazz pioneer, who was the youngest of three sons of a poor family on Chicago's West Side.

Goodman began playing the clarinet professionally at the age of 14. He organised his first band in 1934 and went on to success.

In the film three actors portray Benny Goodman through the years, and musicians such as Ben Pollack, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, and Lionel Hampton play themselves. Goodman recorded all the music.



3 IN NEW YORK Benny, with Teddy Wilson at piano, and Gene Krupa (drummer), reveals his hopes for his own band to the Hammonds. Alice (Donna Reed), who loves classics, hears Goodman play Mozart's Clarinet Concerto.



4 INSPIRED by Lionel Hampton (back), Benny and friends get set for a jam session. Goodman's band is still in the future. When his radio work ends he resumes touring, tries to forget Alice.



5 THE night swing was born. Acclaim by swing-mad West Coast teenagers in 1935 convinces Goodman there is a place for his type of music. Alice has finally come to understand his silence.



6 NEXT milestone in the Goodman career is reached in a New York theatre when the band virtually causes a dance riot. Benny vows to show Alice by playing at Carnegie Hall some day.



7 OVATION follows the band's performance of modern music at Carnegie Hall in 1938. As Benny swings into "Memories of You," Alice leaves the applauding throng to await him at home.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE CAN BRING YOU

a lovelier complexion

IN 14 DAYS

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan, you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. And in 14 days or less, your skin can be softer, smoother, younger looking.



YOU TOO can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion
- ♥ Less oiliness
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes — blackheads
- ♥ Complexion clearer — more radiant

NOT JUST A PROMISE BUT A PROVED BEAUTY PLAN

Here's all you do. Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute twice a day. Then rinse and pat dry.



USE PALMOLIVE . . . IT'S SO MILD—SO GENTLE . . . THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS BY FAR THE LARGEST SELLING TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA.

HI-SPEED STOVE CLEANER

DISSOLVES ALL BAKED-ON GREASE!



Tell Dad it's an ideal Paint remover, too!



It's easy to use Hi-Speed with the special Sponge Rubber applicator . . . lasts indefinitely

OBTAINABLE FROM HARDWARE, GROCERY STORES AND GAS CO. SHOWROOMS.

Equally good for Gas, Electric and Fuel Stoves.

Manufactured by
HI-SPEED MANUFACTURING CO.
5 Carrington Street, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

NEW
easier
way to
SLIM!



FORTIFIED WITH VITAMINS

avodex

If you can't lose unsightly, distressing fat it's probably because dieting leaves you feeling hungry. You eat more for contentment—and up goes your weight again! That's why AVODEX—the entirely new diet treatment—is slimming thousands of overweight sufferers. AVODEX is a pleasant tasting biscuit which quells nagging hunger, giving you the satisfied feeling of a "full stomach." You simply take one tasty AVODEX with a nice cup of tea or other drink, and your craving for sweets, cake, breads and other "fat formers" will disappear. You'll feel better all round—mind clearer, body more active—and more attractive! Each AVODEX biscuit contains the full supply of vitamins found in a normal meal. Try ethical AVODEX to-day, in conjunction with the simple diet chart provided. It's the new, easier way to slim!



Ask your chemist

Get the full 12-day course at chemists only, price 25/-

PAA
THE WORLD'S
MOST EXPERIENCED
AIRLINE

**Speedy relief from
BACKACHE**

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throbb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-aches, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

Hastings. Oh, this is wonderful. Waiting on a street corner for that man. That self-opinionated, pompous fool. Only the fact I love him dearly keeps me here.

She sensed a hot breath on the back of her neck. So this was his game—sneaking up on me. A hand caught hold of her arm. Ah, caveman tactics. A voice said, "Madam, allow me to introduce myself."

An eager-faced young man confronted her. There was another eager-faced young man prancing about behind him.

"Perfect," said George. He looked her up and down.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said George.

"Fast," said Doreen. "Make it fast, then go."

"How about that?" cried Ron. "Perfect. I told you so."

"You told me!" snorted George. "I saw her first."

They argued and Doreen waited patiently. The situation intrigued her. This would be something to tell her boyfriend.

George quietened Ron and continued his address to Doreen. "Madam," he began, "I have an unusual request."

"Oh?" asked Doreen coldly.

"Ah," said George, beaming. "It is a request that will bring you fame and fortune. My name is George Morgan."

He looked expectantly at Doreen. She showed no interest. Less interest, if anything. George continued hurriedly: "My colleague and myself represent the Nu World Advertising Agency."

"That's enough," said Doreen. "I know—you wish me to model for you."

"Correct," said George. "And model the most dynamic, world-shattering—"

"No," said Doreen. "No? Why not?"

"It sounds fishy."

"Fishy?" Ron was insulted. "I'll have you know, madam, Nu World is an acknowledged, respected organisation."

"Why, then," asked Doreen "do they pounce on women in the street? Why not go to the model agencies?"

"Clothes horses," said George. "Cheese cakes. We need a girl of hauteur and warmth! You combine that rare combination. I repeat, you are perfect."

Doreen saw her boyfriend ambling towards her. On sudden impulse she linked arms with George. "You've won me," she said. "Let's go."

They marched off, Ron hastening after them.

Doreen's boyfriend stopped dead. He watched in horror as Doreen waltzed around the corner. Kidnapped. Obviously a kidnap. Doreen would not desert him. He looked hurriedly about for a policeman.

"Crinolines!" said Doreen. "Are you serious?"

She was in Mr. Ward's office. The three men, Mr. Ward, George, and Ron, were grouped around her. Doreen was enjoying herself. Those two copywriters were correct. Nu World was respectable. But—crinolines—

"They're old-fashioned," she said.

"Not now," said Mr. Ward. "They have been rediscovered."

"But you can't sit down in them," protested Doreen.

"Rubber hoops!" cried George. "How's that for a cute gimmick, Mr. Ward? Sponge rubber with sufficient resilience to keep the shape. Comfortable to sit on, too."

Doreen laughed.

"This is rough," explained George. "But you get the idea, Mr. Ward? A nineteenth-century fashion, with twentieth-century additives. Crazy, huh?"

Ron gnashed his teeth. Why didn't he think of that?

"Gone," said Mr. Ward. "Real gone. George, you are my boy." He looked at Ron.

"What are you doing here?"

"Wasting time, Mr. Ward," said Ron. He knew the formula.

Continuing

"Correct," said Mr. Ward. "Get lost."

Ron stood at the doorway. He said in an end-of-the-world voice: "I prophesy defeat for this project!"

"Blow!" yelled Mr. Ward. Ron left.

"Now," said Mr. Ward, "we can get under way. Tablet, my dear?" He offered Doreen a bottle of benzedrine. She declined.

"I'll get the I.G.C. dress-designer," said George. "We must organise this rubber-hoop biz."

"Do that," said Mr. Ward. George asked for the car.

Mr. Ward refused the request. "It's only four blocks. Get a tram. No—walk." He smiled at Doreen. "I believe in physical fitness. Every morning I run five miles."

George left the office building and looked about for a taxi. A car stopped beside him. A voice growled: "Get in."

George was surprised, but pleased. The taxi service was at last improving. He opened the rear door and recoiled in horror. The car was full of policemen.

"Oh, no," he said. But he was dragged into the car. "All right, driver," he growled the voice. "Central Station." The car glided off with George thrashing about in the rear seat.

"Relax," growled a voice. "I don't know why you've pinched me," said George. "But whatever it is, I didn't do it."

"Tell the sergeant," said the policeman.

"Could you fill in a few details, Mr. Commissioner?" asked George.

The policeman explained: "We got a call to pick up any character wearing a blue-grey suit."

"Blue-charcoal," corrected George.

"—blue-grey," continued the policeman, "pink shirt, orange bow-tie, and suede shoes." He looked at George.

The car stopped outside Central. The policeman marched George into the charge room.

George blinked. The room was a blur of bright colors. It was crowded with young men, all wearing blue-charcoal, pink, and orange.

"Here's another one," said George's captor cheerfully.

"Stand against the wall," ordered the sergeant.

The room lights were dimmed, and a spotlight turned on the first man in the line.

"O.K.," said the sergeant. "That him?"

"No," said a voice. The spotlight moved on.

"That him?"

"No."

George closed his eyes in a sudden glare.

"Let's see those big eyes," ordered the sergeant.

Tall Girl in Hoops

[from page 3]

George opened his eyes. "That him?"

"Yes, that's him."

"All right, girl-snatcher," said the sergeant, "let's have a little talk."

Mr. Ward slammed down the telephone receiver. "The double-cross!" he yelled. "The dirty double-cross!"

"What gives, man?" asked Doreen. Goodness, she thought, they've got me talking that way now.

"That was I.G.C. on the phone," explained Mr. Ward. "They have given the crinoline campaign to another agency."

"Oh," said Doreen.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Mr. Ward. He jumped about the room.

"Did they mention George?" asked Doreen.

"George? Who is George?"

"Your copywriter. He was going down there to see the dress-designer."

"Maybe he fell under a tram," said Mr. Ward. "Maybe we should all fall under a tram. Next time I get a contract in writing." He snarled at Doreen. "It's all your fault."

Doreen was shocked. "Me? Why my fault?"

"We didn't find you in time. That other agency must have organised some gimmick before us. Consider yourself fired."

"I never considered myself hired," retorted Doreen.

Ron Gleeson burst into the office. He yelled, "Mr. Ward! What have you done?"

Mr. Ward looked blankly at his excited copywriter.

"Mr. Gleeson—you are drunk," said Mr. Ward.

"Mr. Ward," said Ron desperately, "look out of the window!"

Mr. Ward looked. "Good heavens," he said. The street outside was swarming with policemen. With horrified eyes Mr. Ward watched a platoon of armed men enter the building.

"Confess, Mr. Ward," pleaded Ron.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," said Doreen.

"I'm innocent!" protested Mr. Ward. "It's a frame-up. Rival agencies—bitter enemies—stab in the back."

He crawled beneath his desk. "Tell them I'm out," he said.

The police sergeant had said to George: "Man here says you kidnapped his girl."

George looked at the man. "Never seen him before."

"What about the girl?"

"What girl?"

The sergeant said to the man: "You describe the girl."

"Well," said the man, "Doreen is—"

"Doreen!" cried George. "Doreen Hastings? The well-

stacked lass I picked up—"Ah, you admit it?" asked the sergeant.

"I don't admit anything," said George. "It wasn't a kidnap. It was part of my work."

"Oh, yes," said the sergeant. "Tell me more."

George began: "I saw this girl and I thought, now she would be suitable."

"What for?" demanded the sergeant.

"What for?" George was surprised. "Why, the hoops, of course. What else?"

"What else?" exclaimed the sergeant in a strangled voice. "You go about putting girls in hoops!"

George frowned. It all seemed perfectly simple to him. He explained further: "Not every girl. It has to be a particular type. My boss, Mr. Ward, has got Doreen now. She will be soon well and truly in those hoops."

The sergeant struggled to control himself. "Where is your Mr. Ward?"

"In the Nu World building. You know it?"

"Yeah." The sergeant clawed at a telephone. He could see the girl now, imprisoned in hoops. What sort of hoops? Red-hot, maybe. A sadist in the Nu World building! It was unbelievable. He called into the telephone: "Get the riot squad to the Nu World building!"

"Take it easy!" cried George. "Let me tell you more!"

"You've told me enough," snarled the sergeant. "You murderer!"

Doreen's boyfriend fainted.

Ron Gleeson said to the sergeant: "Mr. Ward is in Patagonia."

"Who is that under the desk?" asked the sergeant. "Governor Bligh?"

Mr. Ward crawled out. "All this fuss over a radio licence," he protested.

"Don't stall," ordered the sergeant. "Where's the girl?"

"Girl? What girl?"

"Don't try to fool me," said the sergeant. "I mean the girl you're putting in the hoops."

Ron Gleeson laughed hysterically. The sergeant went cold. Maybe there had been a slip-up.

Doreen said: "This girl—she would not be Doreen Hastings?"

"Yes," said the sergeant. And then he knew. "I suppose you are—"

"Yes," said Doreen. "I am."

"Oh," said the sergeant. He added hopefully: "You have any complaints?"

"No," said Doreen. "I'm sorry."

"So am I," said the sergeant. "You should be," agreed Mr. Ward. "Running about like a bunch of Roman assassins!"

He stopped. "Romans," he repeated.

"I'm with you," cried Ron. He was eager to make good his previous lapse.

"You with me, man?" demanded Mr. Ward.

"Togas," said Ron.

"How do you think up these ideas?" demanded Mr. Ward.

"Woman's natural garment," said Doreen.

"Excuse me," said the sergeant, "we've got your George Morgan down at Central. What will we do to him?"

"Shoot him," laughed Mr. Ward. "Ron, get I.G.C. on the phone. Tell them we have the greatest idea. Doreen, look Roman from now on."

The sergeant excused himself again. "We have Miss Hastings' boyfriend at Central."

"Shoot him," ordered Doreen. The sergeant left.

"Tablet, my dear?" asked Mr. Ward.

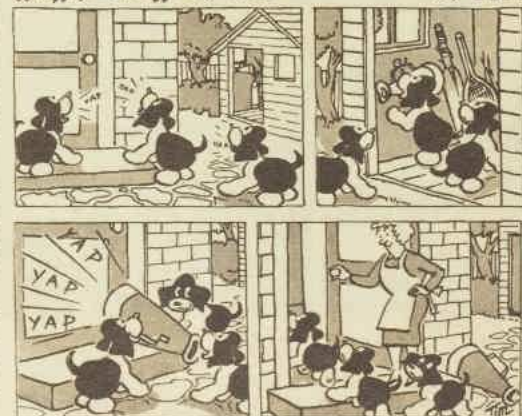
Doreen accepted a benzedrine.

"Crazy," she said. (Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



plenty to engage me. This development of water resources in the State interests me a lot. I'll have to talk about lower taxes and lower cost of government in my speeches — that always goes over well — and pay my respects to the labor question, but then having got the usual things off my chest, I'm going to pitch into this water question.

Anne folded her hands in a pretty attitude of attention. "Now," she said, "I'm waiting to be informed."

"Well," Paul went on, "the idea's been growing on me ever since your father and the Governor talked to me about it just after election. They're both very much in favor of it and the more I've looked into the matter the more I feel I've got something important to talk about. You see all through the east we face the danger of future water shortage."

"Um-hm," said Anne. "I could try taking just one bath per week."

"No, it's really serious. Or could become so. What we need is a huge State reservoir. Now you see I can honestly let myself go on this idea. I've studied up on it. I believe it's sound. It would represent a good, not only for the present but for future generations. Voters go for that kind of thing. It's a natural for campaigning."

"Paul!"

"Yes, darling?"

"That last is unworthy of you. I don't like it."

"Haven't I just told you I've studied the possibility, that I believe in it, that a State reservoir would be a fine thing! Well, then, isn't it all to the good that it's the sort of project that has public appeal? What's wrong with that?"

"I'm not sure," Anne said, "but I think it's one of the things you should know in your subconscious but never admit to yourself, certainly not to anyone else. Oh, how muddled I sound again! I can't explain it, but what you said jarred on me like a discord on the piano, Paul?"

"Yes."

Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

from page 5

"You know how much I love Jimmy?"

"I've a pretty good idea."

"So it's a hard thing for me to say of him, but I don't think his motives are always—well, what I would want yours to be. That's one reason I hate politics as such. You'll watch out, won't you?"

"And not let Jimmy contaminate me?" Paul laughed.

But Anne was sober. "Perhaps that's what I mean. But, oh, don't ever hurt him, no matter what he does. He's been hurt so much already. I couldn't bear to have anything else strike him hard. He's awfully fond of you, you know."

"It's mutual. He's an amazing person and he's certainly been wonderful to me. If I ever get any political place in the sun I'll owe it all to him. I just hope I can justify his confidence in me."

And then all at once they were wrapped in the dear delights of their own hopes and plans. The baby would come in July, in the very midst of Paul's campaign, but the wonder of the event far overshadowed all else as they considered it.

Anne's face had a delicate luminosity now that blessed it with new beauty, and often, even in the midst of daily work, Paul felt his love rise within him and the hot flame of his passion color his cheeks. He knew it had been so with Kirkland himself in his love for Anne's mother, and the knowledge made him deeply at one with the older man.

Even politically he was feeling a close kinship with Kirkland during these late winter months as they planned together the details of Paul's progress towards the State House and discussed the problem of water resources as Paul was to present it. Only once did he have a sharp misgiving.

"Now, about the possible location of the reservoir," Kirkland said one day, "you can just let a hint drop in

more than one place that the general locality in which you are at the moment would be a good spot for it. You see wherever it is—if it ever does become a fact—there will be a big temporary increase of jobs, general prosperity, all that sort of thing. Well, if you just word it delicately enough

Paul looked him in the eye.



"I can't do that, Jimmy. I can't lie to people."

"Lie? Who's talking about lying? Nobody knows now for sure where the reservoir will ultimately be. You can point out good reasons why several places are suitable, can't you?"

"Well," Paul agreed slowly, "I suppose so. I'll have to study that for a bit."

One morning out of the clear he had a call from David Laird, the young man who had spoken to him so enthusiastically after their Christmas carol party. Paul had all but forgotten him and was pleasantly surprised to hear his voice.

"What about lunch some day?" David was asking. "Just say when."

"Fine," Paul said, "I'm free

today if that's not too quick."

"Couldn't be. I have my car so I'll pick you up at your office, a little before one. Okay?"

"Wonderful," Paul said.

He liked David even better than the first impression warranted. He was a serious chap with a fine, even brilliant mentality. His conversation sparkled, as his face remained sober. Towards the end of the meal which was in a quiet restaurant, David looked about

meet Sunday evenings, have devotionals and then a sort of forum where we discuss all kinds of subjects and then a short social time at the end. I've enjoyed it and been pretty active in it."

"Sounds good," Paul said.

"Now, I'll tell you what's happened. Last year we were approached by a representative of an organisation called the Allied Youth Leadership, the A.Y.L. The idea was for us to join with this bigger, non-sectarian group once a month and have a speaker to discuss important issues of the day. We voted unanimously to join. Now, I'm not very happy about it. I'm even uneasy."

"You think," Paul said quickly, "that there may be propaganda behind it?"

"How did you jump to that? That's exactly what bothers me."

"Well," Paul said, "I've read up a little on the way the Communists bore in. The more innocent the front the better they like it."

"I was afraid you'd think me a fool," David said. "It's all so elusive, but I'm pretty sure there's something wrong. I don't want to talk to our own group until I have some sort of evidence, for a number of our members have thrown themselves into the thing. I did myself at first and now I seem to be drawn in more and more among the elect. I've played along these last months to see what was really happening. But the last speaker we had certainly smelled of Marxism all right. Also they've been giving out literature the last two meetings. Idealistic as the devil on the surface, but all the little punches are there."

"I know, of course, that this kind of thing is going on, but I've never run into it myself. What did you think I could do to help you?"

"You remember last Memorial Day out at Redstone, of course. Well, the man who led the singing that day is the organist at St. Luke's. Awfully nice fellow. I see quite a bit of him. He's told me more than once about your speech.

He was very impressed. Now, the thought occurred to me that, if you were willing, maybe I could get you worked into one allied meeting as the speaker. Then you could give the same talk, let them have a dose of pure patriotism and see what the reaction would be. I believe we could pretty nearly tell the sheep from the goats. What do you say?"

Paul considered. His first thought was whether this could injure him politically. Then he felt ashamed as he met David Laird's earnest eyes. This was surely a call to render a patriotic service.

"If you think it would help, I'll be glad to try," he said slowly.

"Good," said David. "Thanks a lot."

Paul was troubled as he went back to work. If this should prove to be a Communist organisation and word got around that he had addressed it, it might wreck his campaign chances. On the other hand no one hearing his speech could have any uncertainty about his own beliefs, and if he refused for selfish reasons to do this thing, he would hate himself.

A few weeks before Christmas, a man whose uncle had been a friend of Paul's father back in the country had come to the office.

"I need a lawyer," he began, "and I knew you were somewhere in the city so I looked you up. It's sort of nice to do business with somebody you know about even if we aren't acquainted ourselves."

He had started a small trucking concern some years before which had now grown until he had a really sizeable business in the dumping of refuse. He wanted to get a charter for his company and had come to get Paul to draw up the papers of incorporation to file with his application. Paul took care of it, glad to be in touch even remotely with old days at home, arranging

To page 47

Have that high fashion look you want in a pure wool Federal Fabric



Watch them pass. The women who stand out in the crowd . . . the men people notice! They have the look of fine tailoring, good taste. They're comfortable, at ease, sure of themselves. When other folks' clothes seem to bag, sag or wilt, theirs seem band-box fresh and unwrinkled. Whether they're dressed in tweeds or worsteds, soft fleecy textures or feather weight weaves, that extra fine appearance could come from Federal Perfection Fabrics—made of purest merino wool, superbly processed.

- Federal Perfection Fabrics
- Resist bagging and sagging.
 - Are permanently wrinkle resistant.
 - Hold the shape of the garment.
 - Wear wonderfully well.
 - Dry clean perfectly.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL . . .
YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER VALUE
AT ANY PRICE.



FEDERAL WOOLLEN MILLS, GEELONG

makers of the finest woollen fabrics in Australia.

Now! Lux Toilet Soap in the big new **FAMILY** size

"A daily bath with Lux Toilet Soap is just as important as Lux facials"
says

SUSAN HAYWARD

Radiant star Susan Hayward insists on Lux Toilet Soap for all the family. "At our house we always keep plenty of Lux on hand," she says. And now you can buy Lux in the big new family size — it's so practical for the bathroom, lasts so much longer!

Such a pure, white soap

Lux is so gentle, so mild . . . its snowy whiteness is proof of a purity no other soap can match. That's why it's safe for all the family, even for baby.

MILD complexion care

A glamorous redhead, Susan has the fine, creamy skin that often goes with her coloring. And she relies on regular Lux facials to keep her complexion glowing with beauty. It can do the same for you — start using pure white Lux Toilet Soap, today!

PURE WHITE

LUX TOILET SOAP



20th Century-Fox star Susan Hayward relaxes at her Beverley Hills home with her twin sons, Timothy and Gregory. Susan can currently be seen in the CinemaScope picture "Soldier of Fortune". Her role calls for a great many close-ups, and Susan relied on Lux Toilet Soap to keep her complexion flawless for the camera.



GET THE BIG NEW
FAMILY SIZE
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

PURE WHITE LUX TOILET SOAP —
USED BY 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS



The Golden Journey

Continuing

from page 45

usual for the stock to be issued for money or services. Sometime later his client had returned, baffled and angry.

"A fellow called me up at home the other night. Wouldn't give his name, just said he was a friend. Said he'd heard I was forming a corporation and knew I'd have to negotiate a contract with a representative of my union and he just thought it would be smart of me if I'd get a man on my board of directors who had influence with the union. The very dog!"

"Well, go on. What more did he say?"

"He said he'd suggest I issue a nice block of stock to a fellow named Mallet. I've got the address at home. Lives down around Water Street somewhere. It's a holdup! He told me if I didn't I might have trouble with my union. It's robbery! It's dirty, low-down gangster muckin' in, but I've got to do it or get out of business."

"You mean you can't fight this thing?"

"Brother, if you think I can fight this you don't know how this city's run. I'll tell you what happened to a pal of mine. He's got a trucking business, too. Last year he put in a bid for a city contract. Had to have a performance bond to enclose with his bid. The bond was held up. He sent the bid on and was going to send the bond over by special messenger in time to put with it. The bonding company still held it up till the contract was awarded—to inside pals, of course. Well, this fellow made a terrible uproar. He went to City Hall, he went to this Atlas Bonding Company and he told them plenty. Well," he sighed, "I suppose you can guess what came of it."

"No, what?" said Paul.

"They just about ran him out of business. His drivers got tickets from every policeman they passed. His trucks were pronounced overweight. Oh, all sorts of things like that. They made his life miserable. I tell you, you can't buck the setup. Not until all the mess is cleaned up, someday, if it ever is! I'll just have to issue the stock. Well, I was near here and I have to blow off steam to somebody, so I came in. Sorry I took up your time, but just thought you might be interested."

He got up. Paul was desperately in earnest.

"I'm going to discuss all this with our senior partner. He knows more about city politics than I do. I'll let you know if we can help you. There ought to be some way . . . There's got to be!"

"Listen, son," The older man laid a friendly hand on Paul's arm. "There just ain't any way, so forget it."

But Paul had talked with Hartwell, at once. The old man shook his head. "Your man is right, I'm afraid. There's nothing we can do. What we need is a moral earthquake."

As Paul was going out he tossed a question over his shoulder. "Do you know anything about the Atlas Bonding Company?"

"Not too much. Good enough, I guess. They are subject to the State Superintendent of Banking and Insurance, but, of course, sometimes . . . Kirkland is one of the officers. I know, though he may not be very active."

Paul did not reply. He had gone back to his desk and thought for a long time. But in the end he came to his usual conclusion. Not now, not with Anne in her present condition.

But later on he would gather together all the facts, all the vague suspicions and confront Kirkland with them. Find out the truth at last. But not just yet.

It was late in the spring when he had wakened suddenly one night, as one does sometimes, his mind fixed upon a thought which had never crossed it before. The trucking man had said the block of stock was to be issued to Mallet.



"I'm sorry, dear—I was sure it was just a tear in the road map."

Could it have been Mallet? Could it have been Arno? Was he the link? If so, it would all fit in with what he already suspected.

He lay, still and tense until the early light broke. His decision was this: when the baby was safely here, and Anne out of reach of danger, he would confront Kirkland and Arno both, and take the consequences.

One evening in May, Paul and Anne were dining with Mrs. Catherby as they had

often come to do when Kirkland was out of town. When the meal was ended Paul decided to include her in his confidence about David Laird's group meeting and to do so at once. He told them briefly then of Laird's request. Anne's reply was immediate.

"Oh, Paul, you can't do that. It might do you a lot of harm. People are so jittery about the whole subject right now."

"But if it would render even the smallest service to the country, how can I refuse?"

Anne's face was very grave as she sat thinking. "You can't," she said at last. "I see that, too. You've got to do it and give it your very best. I'm ashamed of my first reaction and I'm proud of you, dear. Only don't let's tell Jimmy. What do you say, Gran?"

Mrs. Catherby sat lacing her thin fingers together. "I'm proud of you both," she said quietly. "I always feel that one thing wrong with our present-day society is that the old word duty has been dropped from most people's vocabulary. In the older days it was spelled with capitals. I would call this that Paul has been asked to do, his duty, therefore he must do it. Besides, a speech such as he is going to give is exactly in line with what I believe should be done constantly throughout the country."

"I think you're right," Paul said earnestly. "I admit I'm worried about doing it, and I hate to go behind Jimmy's back. I'm glad, though, I have your joint approval."

It was late when he and Anne got home, but they sat in their room still going over the conversation. Anne spoke of a plan for her and Mrs. Catherby to attend the meeting when it took place.

"I so want to hear you, Paul, and so does Gran. You wouldn't mind, would you? It wouldn't fluster you?"

Paul laughed. "Probably inspire me," he said. "I've got to bone up on the speech though, for it's a year since I gave it. One more thing, I'm afraid, to fill up my evenings. You're a patient wife, darling. Don't ever think I don't appreciate it even if I don't say anything."

"You might say it now," she whispered, her cheek against his.

The following week, David telephoned Paul. "About the speech, I've decided to wait until there is an emergency. I've told the leaders I know of a man who could fill in very acceptably if a speaker ever failed them at the last minute. This way they won't have a chance to look you up beforehand. If nothing happens in the next month or so I'll go off on another tack."

"You still feel worried about the set-up?"

"More than ever. The inside ring seem to have me marked for something. At least they've made casual but definite overtures in the form of giving me jobs to do. So far, as I told you, I'm going along until I get more proof. One other chap in our own church group has got the wind up about them. I'm glad, for now we can hash it over together. Can you really fill in on short notice?"

"As far as I know," Paul said. "Even if we're in the mountains for a weekend, I could get here in a couple of hours."

"And you're still willing? The whole business, you know, is hot stuff. I do appreciate your attitude, but I don't want to do you harm."

Paul said slowly, "I'm still willing."

"Stout fellow!" David said, as he left.

The emergency arose sooner than either had expected. In fact, it came two weeks later, almost a year to the day from the time he had first given the speech. Paul had been out all day Saturday in the southern part of his district. When he got home late in the afternoon, Anne told him David Laird had been calling.

"He wants you to get through to him at once," she said. "Oh, Paul, I believe this is it."

It was, David explained that the speaker for Sunday evening was sick. The chairman, recalling David's suggestion, had appealed to him.

"I still didn't have to give your name, as the thing was so hurried, just said 'my friend.' Since they for some reason think I'm all right, they're accepting you. How about it?"

"I'll be there," Paul said.

"The meeting is in Gannett's Hall—you know, just behind the Arcade—at eight-thirty. We'd better get there just on the dot, not before. I'll pick you up. Okay?"

"Okay," Paul answered. Anne was so excited Paul feared for her.

"You must be calm, dear. This isn't good for you," he adjured.

"But I've never heard you speak before!" she kept saying. "Besides, Gran and I plan to keep our eyes and ears well open. It's just possible we may pick up something."

Paul saw them off in Mrs. Catherby's car at seven o'clock, he himself leaving in David's a little after eight. They had to park a block from the hall and as they walked over they decided from the number of cars that the attendance would be large. They went in the

To page 48

"Everyone's sweet on ALLEN'S sweets!"

FRUIT TINGLES
Delicious, thirst-quenching Fruit Tingles . . . fizzy fruit flavours to delight the palate! 3d.

TOOTY FROOTY PASTILLES
Delicious pastilles made from pure juicy fruit. Each packet-pack contains an assortment of refreshing fruit flavours to delight young and old alike! Taste like fruit—because they're made from fruit! 6d.

Q.T. FRUIT DROPS
Crisp, refreshing Q.T. Fruit Drops are always welcome! Four luscious fruit flavours to delight the palate . . . lemon, lime, orange, pineapple. Always keep a packet or two in your pocket or purse. 4d.

ALLEN'S SWEETS ARE Good Sweets!

POPETTES — Q.T.'s — STEAM ROLLERS — COCONUT QUIVERS — TOOTY FROOTY — FRUIT TINGLES — HAVAPAK BARLEY SUGAR — HAVAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH — MINT MINORS — IRISH MOSS GUM JUBES — BUTTER MENTHOLS — TARZAN JUBES — CURE-EM-QUICK.

Put variety, flavour & nourishment into LENTEN MEALS



MORTON
HERRINGS
FRESH OR IN TOMATO SAUCE



YOU'LL BE SO GLAD YOU ASKED FOR **MORTON HERRINGS**

MORTON Herring enable such variety — they can be served hot or cold, fresh or in tomato sauce, prepared in countless different ways. They're such flavoursome fish—big, plump specimens, the very best of the North Sea catches. Full of nourishment, too — good, wholesome fish, prepared with scrupulous care and cleanliness in a spotless British cannery. Yes, make SURE they're MORTON Herring.

Choice fish..
BRITISH..
and so
inexpensive

SERVE HOT OR COLD..

AVAILABLE AT ALL GROCERS AND DELICATESSENS

Continuing

The Golden Journey

from page 47

side door as David directed, both nervous and jumpy. "Well, here we go," David said, "and good luck to you! You're a brick to do this at all."

They moved swiftly up the side aisle, since the hour had already arrived, and in a moment Paul was shaking hands with the chairman, a pleasant, ordinary-faced chap who led them to the rostrum. There was ten minutes of "business" and then the brief introduction.

Due to sudden illness the speaker scheduled could not be present, so at the last moment their good friend Dave Laird had arranged with a good friend of his, Mr. Paul Devereux, to pinch hit. It was with gratitude and pleasure, therefore, that they welcomed him, etc., etc. His topic would be "A Problem of the Masses."

Paul found himself on his feet, looking over the audience. It was, indeed, a fair-sized one and with no outward or visible sign of being anything other than normal. He began and there was at once the quieting of movement and the growing attention to which he was accustomed. Even as the speech progressed through the description of pioneer living there was still a close interest. But as the real theme of America developed, the free, the dearly bought, the object of her children's love and devotion, there was a change.

Paul saw it and felt it at once. There were the many innocent, touched and eager faces of the singlehearted; but there were also the tense stiffening ones of those whose allegiance belonged elsewhere. With all his power of eloquence Paul proceeded, conscious now, clearly, of expressions of shock, displeasure or steely antagonism in many sections of the hall. There was even a hurried conference among those who had remained at tables at the back. The chairman cleared his throat and looked openly at his watch. Paul went on to his conclusion.

When he had finished there was a burst of scattered applause. As soon as it was ending Paul turned quickly to the chairman, already on his feet.

"Could we all stand now and join in singing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee?'" he said in a loud, clear voice.

This had been prearranged with David Laird, who, having brought Paul up to the rostrum, had without invitation remained there to have a view of the faces. The organist of St. Luke's was at the piano,

and at Paul's words at once struck the opening bars. Paul raised his arms and the audience rose, some of them very slowly. There were others who left the hall, and still others, easily noted, who did not join in the singing.

The chairman was suddenly very busy after the meeting was over, taking time only to say brief and perfunctory thanks to Paul without compliment of any kind. There was a crowd gathered before the platform, however, as Paul came down—eager to express their appreciation, so on the surface everything seemed usual enough. But David, moving about among those who were still in the hall, had much to report when they drove away together.

"What a speech!" he began when the car started. "I congratulate you from my heart. I never heard a more moving one. And Paul, it did the trick! Nothing in the world could have been better for the purpose than the very words you said. I saw faces change while you were talking, didn't you?"

"I certainly did."

"But that was only part of the evidence. As I moved about afterwards, I made a point of talking to the key people I had the biggest doubts about. They were noticeably cool to me. You know. Once again nothing you could exactly put your finger on and yet you could feel it as plain as a snowbank. I said to one of the men, 'A great speech, wasn't it?' He said it certainly didn't follow the subject announced. I told him I thought it had followed it perfectly — the problem of the patriotism of the masses. He gave me a stony stare and went on. But here's the payoff!"

David paused to get through a bit of traffic, then continued, "Here's the clincher, the concrete evidence I can present, now, to our own group. I'd been made a member of the publicity committee, a pretty important spot. Well, just before I left tonight the chap who asked me to take it came up to me and sort of hemmed and hawed a little and then told me that they had found another man who could give a little more time to the job than I had felt I could and perhaps I wouldn't mind being relieved of it. I assured him I didn't. With some warmth. Well, what do you think?"

"It looks pretty obvious to me. But what do you do now?"

"First I'll talk straight to our own group next Sunday night. They'll withdraw at once. Also I'll speak to the other young people's groups that I know are in it. Then I think I'll report my suspicions to the F.B.I. and that's all I can do. But I'll never cease being grateful to you, Paul. You don't know what good you may have done to-night over and above proving our case."

When they got back to the house, Anne was excitedly awaiting them. She had something to add on her own.

"You see," she said, "we left my chair out in a corridor and Hawley carried me in. We were practically the first people there, so the ones who sat near us later didn't know I couldn't stand up at the end. Gran and I were too polite to applaud and then sat still during singing, and the men next to us evidently thought we didn't approve of the sentiments. One of them leaned over to me and said, 'I assure you the committee knew nothing of this speaker. We took him wholly on Dave Laird's recommendation!' And then I said, 'Don't worry. I think he was simply marvellous!' and you should have seen his face!"

When David was gone, Anne told Paul with tears in her eyes of her pride in him.

"I feel somehow that I know you better than I ever did before. Gran and I sat there holding each other's hands under the folds of my skirt, and sometimes they both trembled. We felt it so. What you said, and then the thought that it was you saying it was more wonderful than I can tell you, dear."

June came, not with intolerable heat as in some years, but with a gentle effulgence that made even old and tired hearts bloom a little again. Anne sat each day in the garden under the shade of the rowan tree, setting in the last delicate stitches in the little garments it had been her pleasure to work upon. Patiently turning the imprisonment of her chair into the opportunity to create beauty for her child with her own hands, she had made the entire layette.

Hackett, who loved a garden and spent his leisure hours putting about in it when the regular gardener was not there, came over often to watch her

To page 49

Floral embroidery motifs



PRETTY FLORAL EMBROIDERY designs featured in transfer No. 203 are all done in easy stitches. Embroider dainty roses, tulips, and orchids on your guest towels, pillowcases, aprons, and bedroom furnishings, or on scarves and blouses. Order transfers from our Needlework Department, price 2/6. For address see page 61.

The Golden Journey

from page 48

defl fingers and gaze rapidly upon the small bits of white.

"Doesn't seem as if anything fish could be as little as that now, does it, Miss Anne?"

"I know," Anne would laugh, "but that's one reason babies are so sweet—the little-ness, you know."

"I'm happier than I can tell you, Miss Anne," he said one day, "about everything—you and Mr. Paul and the baby coming. Sometimes I think I'm almost as excited as your father, if I may be allowed to say such a thing only . . ."

"Yes, Hackett?"

"Only sometimes I'm afraid he's a little too excited, as it were. He's likely just nervous, but it occurred to me—if I may so—that maybe you could say something to put him a bit more at his ease, as it were."

Anne smiled at Hackett's troubled face. "You know how he has always worried about me, Hackett. But it's sweet of you to be concerned about him and I'll try to calm him down."

In one of the inner offices of Kirkland & Company at that very moment the same anxiety was being voiced.

Arno leaned back from his desk and studied Sayles thoughtfully. She had a new hair-do which softened her features greatly. She had taken also of late to wearing blouses that could almost be called frivolous. Arno was thinking that if her nose were shorter she wouldn't be half-bad looking. He considered now for a few moments before he spoke.

"Sayles," he said finally, "have you any idea what's wrong with the chief?"

Sayles also considered, warily.

"In what way?"

"Go on! You know as well as I do. He's nervous as a cat. He starts a sentence and he doesn't finish it. His face is too red. There's something the matter with him."

Sayles's own face flushed. She had been studying Arno these last months much more than she had watched Kirkland. Arno had changed. Maybe no one else had noticed, but she had. The lines were deeper in his face; his sharp eyes sometimes looked almost dull and a certain devil-may-care assurance had departed from him. She missed that, most of all. Thinking back it seemed to her to have been absent ever since the day he and Paul Devereux had the fight. Just now she was uncertain whether to tell him what she knew or not. But Arno kept pressing.

"Listen, Sayles, I can read you like a book. You've got some information I haven't. Come on now, give with it." His voice was sharp.

"Well," Sayles said slowly, "he might just be sort of anxious. Men . . . fathers are, I guess. You see Anne's going to have a baby."

"When?"

"July sometime. He just told me the other day."

And Arno sat quiet, not speaking, only staring at the wall across from his desk.

It was this silence, this outward sign of the heart's bitterness which she alone knew, that made Sayles begin to say stumbly what she had rehearsed a hundred times in her own room. Some day, she always assured herself, she would tell him, later though, not just yet. But now, almost without conscious volition the words were coming from her, uncertainly, tremblingly.

"Arno, there's something else I want to tell you, though I guess it's a queer thing for me to do. But we've worked together here in the same office for over twelve years and as you say we do know each other—better maybe than anybody else ever would . . . and it's like this. You said once

I was a . . . cold fish. I'm not, Arno. I'm not cold at all, I'm . . . Well, you see I know how to make a nice home and I can cook. I could make a man comfortable and I could make him happy other ways . . . you know. I could keep on working or I could stop. I'd do just like he wanted. I . . . I can't say it any plainer, Arno . . ."

Her face was scarlet. She, too, watched the wall and the filing cabinets as though from them an answer would come.

Arno stood up and came to her chair while her heart stopped beating. He touched the top of her head with—was it his fingers or his lips? She would never be sure in the dark watches of the night. He spoke gruffly, thickly.

"You're a good kid, Sayles, but I'm not for you. I'm sorry . . . but just forget it, will you?"

He walked quickly to the door and went out. Then he opened it and Sayles's heart started to beat again.

"I'm sorry, girl, but it's just no dice!"

Then he was really gone,



and there was no sound of any kind in the office.

Dr. Leyton, Anne's own doctor, had been paying her one of his routine visits. On this occasion, Kirkland had made it his business to be at home, and himself escorted the doctor to the front door. There he faced him, his face tense.

"We have gone over this before, I know, but now when her . . . when her time may be near I must ask you again for your promise that you will not in any way shorten her labor." His face twitched. "You know what I mean. Hertzog said that it was the extremity of pain which made that other girl get upon her feet without knowing she did it. The doctors have all agreed that Anne's paralysis could come from a hysteric block in the brain, caused by the shock. So, there is, you see . . ."

The doctor stopped him gently. "I know all that, Mr. Kirkland. We will do everything you have suggested up to the point of harming her or the child."

Kirkland's voice came in a hoarse whisper. "I would even sacrifice the child."

"You must remember," the doctor said sternly, "that it is not your child. Your daughter and her husband, I think, would not share that feeling."

Then his eyes narrowed as he studied the man before him.

"There is something I wish you would do. Go to see your own doctor! Have him check you over. You're running under pretty high steam, I think."

Kirkland made a gesture of annoyance. "Nonsense," he said, "I've never been sick in my life! I haven't seen a doc-

tor for twenty years. And, of course, I'm anxious now. Who wouldn't be? But I'll tell you one thing. I'm as sure as I'm standing here that after the child is born, Anne will walk again. Hertzog said the cases seemed practically parallel, hers and this other girl's. He's so interested he agreed at once to come over when I first called him. If he hadn't been pretty confident in his own mind of the outcome, do you think he'd have done that?"

The doctor shook hands kindly. "We'll do everything we can and we will all hope. Now I must go, and you try to relax. I've never lost a grandfather yet, so don't let me down."

All this time, Paul's campaign was going (he felt superstitiously at times) almost too well. His opponent, Richard Kent, was an older and wealthy man, a strong-line adherent of his own party and sound political timber. But he was not an inspired speaker, and he was a conventional urbanite. In the larger towns and cities they did not run into each other, but in the country they had had one or two encounters.

One hot day early in July, Paul was trying to cover an agricultural section in the western end of the State. As he drove up one lane to talk to the farmer, he saw a large car, chauffeur-driven, coming slowly along the broken road at the side of the field. When it reached the pasture gate the chauffeur got out, opened the gate, drove through, got out again and closed it. The somewhat corpulent man in the back seat Paul recognised as Kent. He also saw in a distant field a man and a boy standing by a big vat, observing the scene also.

Paul parked in the barnyard and walked towards the big car.

"How are you, Mr. Kent? I guess we make the same general rounds."

Kent was outwardly affable and rather assured.

"That's right, Mr. Devereux. It all goes along with the job of campaigning, as I guess you're finding out. Well, we'll be getting along." He lowered his voice. "You'll not get very far with that one," he said, pointing over his shoulder.

The big car moved gingerly on over the rough field road and out into the lane. Paul walked back along the field, his eyes still on the farmer in the distance who, he could see, was watching him. When he came to the pasture gate he vaulted over it and continued his way, coming at last to the man.

"Mr. Hartman?" he inquired pleasantly.

The farmer nodded. "That's right. I s'pose you're Devereux. I've seen your picture."

Paul smiled, and looked at the boy. "You've got a good helper, I see."

"Yep. This is my son, Jake."

"Are you having water trouble?"

"We sure are. Driest summer in forty years, they say. Bad enough for the crops, but it's worse for the cattle."

"How many head have you?"

"Fifty. Dairyin' is more profitable now than dirt farmin', it seems."

"It's a good business. Where do you get your water?"

"Well, we've got a good run that's always full enough except in a summer like this. Runnin' low now. We pipe it here to this main vat an' then pipe it down to the barn. We're havin' a little trouble with our force pump right now. Jake's been primin' it."

Paul looked it over. "We had one like this on the farm

Simple Arithmetic proves that...

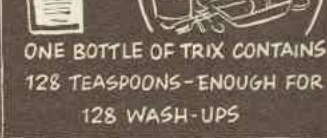
ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CAN SAVE YOU OVER 20 HOURS WORK IN WASHING-UP ALONE!



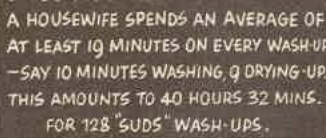
1 IT TAKES ONLY ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX FOR A FAMILY WASH-UP



2 ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CONTAINS 128 TEASPOONS—ENOUGH FOR 128 WASH-UPS



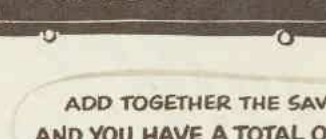
3 USING SOAP OR SOAP POWDER. A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF AT LEAST 10 MINUTES ON EVERY WASH-UP—SAY 10 MINUTES WASHING, 0 DRYING-UP. THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS. FOR 128 "SUDS" WASH-UPS.



4 NOW LETS SEE HOW TRIX CUTS WASH-UP TIME IN HALF



5 AT THE VERY LEAST TRIX SAVES 1/2 MINUTE ON EACH WASH-UP—A SAVING OF 1 HOUR 4 MINUTES FOR 128 WASH-UPS!



6 AND AS TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP (ESTIMATED AT 9 MINUTES EACH FOR 128 WASH-UPS) . . . YOU ACTUALLY SAVE ANOTHER 10 HOURS 12 MINS.

ADD TOGETHER THE SAVINGS ON WASHING AND DRYING AND YOU HAVE A TOTAL OF 20 HOURS 16 MINUTES SAVED!



Trix Saves Time and Work in Practically Every Cleaning Job! Washing clothes—cleaning windows—upholstery—floors—the car

No need to dry-up when you use Trix! You see . . . when you wash-up in suds, you have to dry-up to remove the greasy film and soap streaks that cling to the plates. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, glass, knife and fork comes out gleaming; you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, without a trace of film or streaking. Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that actually "swallows" grease and waste particles . . . absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes. That's why Trix means a cleaner wash-up. Microscope tests show that normally-washed-and-dried dishes teem with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free!

Trix is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd. —makers of famous MORTEIN



To page 50

at home. When it got cantankerous, we found it saved time to get a real pump man at it."

Hartman shot him a swift glance. "You grew up on a farm?"

"Yes, I still own the old place. I've got a good man farming it. Up in Logan County."

Hartman put his foot up on the edge of the pump, pushed his straw hat back a little, and eyed his caller appreciatively. The talk then flowed easily: cattle and crops, fertilizer and implements. Jake drew nearer and joined in, too. They ended up with baseball, in which Jake was a local hero. Paul, who by now, was hot and parched with thirst, eyed the clear water in Jake's priming pan.

"Mind if I take a drink of that?" he asked.

The farmer shook his head. "I wouldn't if I was you. It's right from the run an' cattle tramp round in it, couple of hells back."

"Right," said Paul. "I'll be back in town soon. I can wait. Well, it's been nice talking to you, Mr. Hartman, and to you, too, Jake."

The farmer walked a little way with him towards the gate.

"When Kent was here just now, he was thirsty, too. Thought that pail of water looked mighty good. I tried to explain, but he thought he knewed pure water when he seen it, so—" he shot a sly grin at Paul, "I just let him go ahead."

After that Paul knew it was unnecessary even to mention votes. He shook hands, and the farmer carefully wiped his forehead.

"I never was one to make promises, but I'll say this. I know a good many folks in this here county and I'll do what I kin for you."

There were other evidences of Paul's growing popularity in the rural areas of his district. Tentatively at first but more surely as he went on he put forth his own sound, conservative views on agricultural policy; he spoke eloquently of the water-resource question,

Continuing

The Golden Journey

[from page 49]

and always everywhere in the country he gave proof at once he was farm-bred himself. Kirkland, who had feelers out in all directions, learned all this without Paul's telling him. He was enthusiastic about the whole campaign. In the urban sections, too, there was growing confidence among the leaders that Paul's election was assured.

"I tell you, Paul," Kirkland said when they were having a night-cap downstairs alone one evening, "it's going to be a walkover. And, my boy, it will be a very special victory to me. I never confessed before to a living soul that I would have liked to hold office myself, but I knew from the outset I was the wrong type. So I've had my satisfaction working behind the scenes. But to give you a leg up, and I mean up, will be even better than going it personally."

Paul was deeply touched by this wholly unexpected admission of Kirkland's. So, he would have liked to sit in the Governor's chair himself! He, too, must have had those fleeting visions of the still higher seats of the mighty which occasionally crossed Paul's own mind until he banished them with something like embarrassment of the soul.

He felt closer to Kirkland than he had ever done before; he forgot in the glow of the moment his dark suspicions; impulsively he reached over and grasped the older man's hand.

"We'll work it together," he said exuberantly. "I owe everything to you. Now I'll try to do my best to make our joint dreams come true. And," he added, seeing Kirkland's face light with rare pleasure, "when we're at it, why not make the sky the limit?"

"So you've thought ahead, too," Kirkland said jubilantly. "It's just between us for the present and for a long time to come. But, my boy, it's all more possible than you could guess. These things are often planned by somebody a long,

long way back. There's likely to be a man working, building up, pulling the strings, bringing events to pass for years before the big public figure emerges. Well, I'm that man. And you're going to be that public figure! It's a deal. Let's have another drink on it."

They had several, as a matter of fact, but at last they went back to the library, both in high spirits, to talk again about the last arrangements for the coming birth. In their present state everything was bathed in a rosy mist. All success was sure. All miracles not only possible, but imminent.

Kirkland went over again in minute detail the arguments supporting his belief in Anne's coming cure. He even recapitulated all this thinking from the hour Dr. Hertzog had left after his strange confession and he himself had stood stricken at the foot of the stairs, through his evening with Mrs. Catherby when the great idea had come to him, his later struggle, his determination, his first talk with Paul, the confidence he felt in him even then, Paul's first dinner here at the house . . .

"And," he ended, "the rest you know."

Paul, in one of the rare alcoholic loquacities of his life, told his side of the story: his first shock at Kirkland's proposition, his dislike of even coming to dinner, his meeting

Anne, his falling in love, his desperate problems, his despair, and then the final bliss. Never, even to Anne, had he thus laid bare his soul.

They finally talked, not too coherently over a final drink, about Dr. Hertzog's coming. The uncertainty of the time presented the gravest problem, but Kirkland confessed now what he had done. He had offered Hertzog a month's vacation in this country for himself and his wife, with all expenses paid, and a fee besides.

"But we still may not hit the right time for him to be here even at that," Paul objected. "They say babies can be two weeks or more late as well as early."

Kirkland nodded wisely. "Not this one. This one will be right on time. Hertzog will be here. Everything's going to be all right! You know, Paul, I feel good tonight. Relaxed, like the doctor said. I feel fine! Everything's going to come out just the way I've planned it. I think if I go on up to bed now—I believe if I go to bed now I can sleep. Wonderful evening, Paul. G'night."

Kirkland's prophecy was correct in several particulars at least. Exactly on the fifteenth of July, Dr. Hertzog and his wife arrived in the country. When they reached the city, Kirkland was at the airport to greet them and to drive them to their hotel. The meeting was warm between the two men, though when they were finally alone for a few minutes Hertzog spoke anxiously.

"I hope I have not in any way given you a feeling of assurance about the outcome of all this," he said. "I warned you at the very beginning . . . Indeed I have been ashamed in my conscience that I ever told you what I did, and yet . . ."

"Yes?"

The doctor smiled. "It is natural for all to hope. I do, myself, having once seen this

thing happen. But only a hope as a man, mind you. Nothing as a doctor. Nothing. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Now for some details. I have not told Anne that I sent for you. I would like her to feel your being here is mere coincidence and that I've casually asked you out to see her!"

"Very well."

"You have met the obstetrician, Dr. Leyton, over the telephone, but I'll arrange to have you get together at once. Meanwhile, until things begin to happen, I have tickets for you and your wife for all the best shows and I think you can find enough to entertain you during the day."

"Your kindness overwhelms me. Once again I feel my services are small in comparison."

Kirkland waved away the suggestion. "Just to have you here is worth more to me than I can possibly say. When you and Leyton get together you can decide on . . . I have told him I do not wish her labor shortened."

"You are a brave man," the doctor said. "A strong man. I salute you. Tell your daughter I have come over to study some American methods and will give myself the pleasure of calling upon her."

Kirkland told Anne at dinner that night, keeping his voice carefully light.

"Oh, by the way, who do you suppose is in town? Dr. Hertzog. You remember? He's over to study something or other and wants to come out to see you. His wife's with him."

Anne stopped eating and stared at her father.

"Jimmy," she said, "you may be able to play poker with men, I don't know. But you can't with me. Guilt is written all over you. You sent for him. Now just to save time, confess it."

"What in the world makes you think such a thing?" Kirkland exploded.

"Because it's true," Anne said calmly. "Only why? That's what bothers me. Why, Jimmy? Is anything wrong

that I haven't been told about?"

"No, no!" Kirkland shouted. "I never could keep anything from you. It was my own idea. Leyton had absolutely nothing to do with it. He thought it was crazy. I liked Hertzog. He was interested in your case. He's had so much experience along every line. He told me about another girl just like you who had a fine baby. He helped attend her. I just thought we might as well have him over . . ."

His voice trailed off and Anne laughed across at him.

"Isn't that too silly, Paul? But he's sweet just the same. And aside from the foolishness of the whole business I'll be glad to see Dr. Hertzog. I liked him so much." A slight shadow fell, but she brushed it aside. "We can talk more now than the last time. I'll call tomorrow and ask them both to dinner; how would that be?"

But there was not time for that. It was that very night that Anne woke suddenly from her first sleep, sat up in bed and snapped on the light. Her face was white with pain. She waited for a little and then woke Paul.

"I think this is it," she said. "Will you call Davy and . . . and do the things that have to be . . ."

She could not finish the sentence.

Paul sprang up, clutched his robe, called Davy and Kirkland and then dressed with furious haste. For ten minutes the telephones were busy, in twenty Anne was ready to go, in a half-hour the ambulance was at the door, for it had been agreed that means of transportation would be easier under the circumstances.

Paul carried her down in his strong arms, holding her face close to his own.

"It's all right," she smiled though there was a sharp catch in her breath. "It's just a little more than I expected . . . at the start"

Hackett in an ancient house

To page 52



CHECK Perspiration... STOP Odour 24 hours!

There's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact and what's more, tests prove that for 9 out of 10 people, Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours . . . actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour. Get Tact today!

Tact

DEODORANT

Choose Colgate's Tact Deodorant
* Large Jar 3/3 * Handy Tube 2/14



HANGING BASKETS

Hanging baskets filled with handsome flowering or foliage plants make an adornment to bush-houses, glass-houses, patios, and similar places, both shady and sunny.



THIS FUCHSIA is suitable for most hanging baskets. There are many varieties, of which the most popular is procumbens.



THE LOBELIA, another popular plant that is most suitable for hanging baskets.

BASKETS are obtainable in different shapes and forms, made of galvanised or copper wire, metal strips, willowwork, tea-tree stems wired together, bamboo, cane, and other materials. But wire and willowwork are mostly used.

Yet the resourceful gardener with a decorative sense can use a wide range of materials found around the garden, such as hollow logs cut into short sections, small buckets, painted and perforated, or even a shopping-basket that has lost its handle.

Containers that are well perforated are best, however, because they can be dipped into water, allowed to soak, and then to drain off before being put back into place. For those in bush-houses and other outdoor constructions, the wire and willowwork types are the best, as they drain readily during heavy storms.

All of these baskets should be well lined with tea-tree bark or a thick pad of moist sphagnum moss. If fine soil materials are to be used for the plants, line first with bark, then a piece of bessian or other coarse material, to prevent the soil washing through.

For filling such baskets mix up one half garden loam, one quarter sand, and one quarter well-decayed leaf-mould or garden compost. Place some of the mixture at the bottom of the basket, put the plants into position, fill in all round, and firm lightly.

Then stand the basket in a tub of water until all bubbling ceases and hang up in a shady place to drain. Examine well all round to see if the soil is washing out of the basket. If it is, remove the plants, fill the gap, and replant.

There is scarcely a limit to the plants that can be grown in baskets, although most people prefer trailing types of ferns, drooping flowering plants, such as fuchsia procumbens, lobelia, mesembryanthemums, basket begonias, smilax, geraniums, polygonum capitatum, creeping jenny, tradescantias, achimenes, ornamental ivy, vinca variegata, and saxifraga sarmentosa.

Basket begonias are particularly beautiful for large baskets, and there are many very fine varieties with good foliage and colorful, waxy blossoms in profusion.

For very shady bush-houses and porches, ivy, vinca, ferns, smilax, and ceropogon woodii, or "trailing hearts," are best. Upright plants can be grown in baskets or wall brackets that can be seen a few feet above the ground.

In these baskets, primulas such as obconica and sinensis, lobelias, rex begonias, tuberous-rooted begonias, geraniums of more upright habit, pansies, linaria cymbalaria, gentians, and many others can be grown, but due regard to their requirements (sunshine or shade) must be considered.

For the semi-shady place, where the sun peeps through during the morning only, hoyo carnosus will do well in a deep basket for some years, and its waxy pink blossoms will fill the place with fragrance at night.

Many orchids, both native and introduced, will do well in baskets filled with tan bark, toad fibre, and some sphagnum moss, if their requirements — shade in summer and sunshine in winter — are considered.

Achimenes produce trailing laterals and trumpet-shaped blossoms in profusion in baskets filled with good sandy loam. There are many fine varieties available, ranging from pure white to pink, red, purple, lavender, and violet. The bulbs are like tiny carrots.

GARDENING

The winter-flowering phyllocactus, or epiphyllum, makes a most colorful basket if several of them are transplanted to a position a few inches from the basket brim some months before they flower, in July or August. If grafted on to pieces of climbing cactus, they will spill down several feet.

Sedums or crassulas, many of the super-vivums, spurges, stonecrops, and euphorbia caput-medusae also make good baskets, even though their weird shapes and forms are more decorative than colorful. They would require sandier soil than the others previously mentioned.

For wall brackets or half baskets in the bush-house or semi-shady patio, aubrietias can be used. They are mostly mauve-pink, purple-crimson, purple, soft pink, or blue. After a year's growth they spill down about 2ft. and make a fine display.

Alyssums, the white, yellow, and lavender shades, do well in such containers, and brighten up drab walls considerably when well established. The yellow variety is perennial but the others are annuals.

A dainty plant not often grown in shady places is megasea cordifolia, which has most attractive foliage and sprays of beautiful waxy pink flowers which appear in winter and last for many weeks.

Young champions race ahead on food-rich MARMITE



It will do your heart good to see the difference that Marmite will make to your children. A pure, rich yeast and vegetable extract, Marmite sharpens young appetites, helps them get the full benefit of all other foods they eat!

And Marmite is so highly concentrated that the lightest smear adds zestful flavour to sandwiches and savouries, to soups and gravies.

Sanitarium

MARMITE

YEAST AND VEGETABLE EXTRACT

Nicest Peanut Butter made



You just haven't tasted peanut butter till you've tried SANITARIUM Peanut Butter! Bursting-with-flavour! Milled to smooth, melt-in-your-mouth creaminess! From all good grocers.



Sanitarium

PEANUT BUTTER

* known as Peanut Paste in some States

Why you should
use Harpic
every
night...
to keep
your toilet
clean and bright



Scrubbing is unpleasant — and a back-aching task as well. Remember, too, that no brush can reach round that hidden "S" bend where disease germs may lurk and breed. To be sure — perfectly sure — that your lavatory bowl is thoroughly clean at all times, use Harpic every night.

Specially made
for the lavatory



New, pleasant way! Simply sprinkle Harpic, leave it overnight and flush the bowl in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic goes to work, cleans thoroughly and kills germs in places you can't see — around that "S" bend. Harpic leaves the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. And Harpic not only removes the cause of unpleasant odours but, being delicately perfumed it keeps your whole bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Used as directed, Harpic is perfectly safe for cleaning the toilet bowls of septic tank systems. On sale now, all stores.

HARPIC

1. Cleans round the "S" bend.
2. Disinfects.
3. Deodorizes.
4. Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls.

Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

from page 50

gown, his face grey with concern, opened the front door for them and stood on the steps muttering, "Good luck, Miss Anne! Good luck, my dear!" until the ambulance had moved off and Paul's car with Kirkland beside him had followed it.

There had been a short dispute a little while earlier about Kirkland's going alone. Somehow the matter had never been brought up before, Paul did his best, with nervous annoyance, to dissuade him but to no avail.

"I'm going," Kirkland said between his teeth that seemed inclined to chatter. "I'm going and I'm staying—till it's over, and nothing can stop me." So they rode together through the warm July darkness, each praying in his own way.

They sat in a small empty room of the great hospital, feeling the vast, impersonal atmosphere, penetrating every nook and corner.

"Ghastly place, isn't it?" Kirkland managed to bring out after a time.

"Not too cheerful," Paul agreed.

"Who was the she-devil that put us in here? The one that wouldn't let me finish my sentence!"

"I don't know," Paul said, smiling in spite of himself. "Some sort of floor superintendent I suppose. I gather we're lucky to be allowed to stay in here. Special dispensation."

"I'd like to see them put us out. How will we know how things are going?"

"Dr. Hertzog said he would look in on us at intervals and report. He said there would be nothing to say for some hours."

"Hours?" Kirkland barked hoarsely. "How long . . . that's one thing I forgot to ask about. Did they tell you, I mean give you any idea?"

Paul swallowed hard. "Oh, they never can be sure. Every case is different."

Kirkland groaned, and began to move about nervously. Paul felt he would give all he possessed to be left quietly alone.

"Do sit down, Jimmy. We've got to get hold of ourselves. We can't expect Anne to have all the courage, can we?"

"If it was an ordinary birth, if nothing more was hanging in the balance. How can you sit there like a stone image? How can you preach courage to me? Don't you know what may happen now? Don't you care? Sometimes I think you don't feel the suspense of it at all. At any minute now she may get up—she may walk! I've told them to come down and tell us at the first sign. Well, say you expect it, you believe it? We've got to, I tell you. What time is it?"

"It's two o'clock."

"Is that all?"

He sank into a chair, the veins in his forehead showing. Paul watched him, anxiously. He was sorry he had not asked one of the doctors to give him some sort of sedative. He got up.

"I'm going to stretch my legs in the hall," he said. "I'll only be a minute."

He walked to the desk in the alcove. The woman whom Kirkland had dubbed the she-devil, sat there, starched and cool. She looked up distantly.

"My wife's in labor upstairs. Her father is down the hall there with me. He's not young and he's terribly upset. Could you give any very mild sedative for him . . . ?"

"We give no medication without a doctor's orders."

"Isn't there a house doctor, then? Anyone you could ask?"

"I'm afraid not," she said.

"This man is not a patient here. In fact, we do not ordinarily expect anyone—except the husband—to be waiting in these cases."

"I suppose," Paul said icily, "it would not be too much to ask for a glass of water?"

She rose stiffly and went to the kitchen nearby, returning with the glass. Paul accepted it gravely and then stood watching her.

"Do you never smile, never give a word of encouragement to poor suffering mortals?" he asked.

She relaxed a little. "We have this sort of thing happen every day. Babies are born all right no matter how excited the men get."

"But you see," Paul began earnestly, "this case is different . . ."

She did smile then. "They all are," she said not unkindly, "to the folks concerned. Now just take it easy."

He went back to Kirkland, who gulped the water gratefully. Then they waited on. The dawn broke with a hot, misty sun rising from the clouds of night; then the clear early day and the rattle of the street noises. They both jumped as Dr. Hertzog's stocky figure appeared at the door. He motioned them back.

"Nothing actually to report, but I had a wish to see you and tell you to rest a little and have some food." He smiled into their dull, drawn faces. It was the patient smile of one who has known suffering and witnessed more. "You can really do no good here, but I know you wish to—how do you say it?—stand by."

"How . . . how is she?" Kirkland's lips were stiff on the words.

"She is still, of course, in labor."

"Is it . . . very hard?"

"Labor is always hard," he said noncommittally.

"There had been no . . . she has not moved."

The doctor shook his head.

"We are watching closely for the least sign. As I told you . . ."

Kirkland broke in. "I know. I know, but I'm still sure it will happen. Is Leyton with her now?"

"Yes. When I go back he will leave temporarily, but will be in his office on instant call. I will stay all the time and we have an excellent nurse who understands the whole situation."

He paused and looked carefully at Kirkland. "Would you not be willing to go home and rest for a little? Stay there till toward evening, say."

"Evening!" Kirkland gasped.

"We agree the child cannot be born before some time this coming night. Won't you rest a little in between?"

"No!" Kirkland shouted.

"How can I rest? Is Anne resting? I've got to be here."

The doctor did not reply to that, but looked at Paul.

"There is a little coffee shop on the first floor, I'm told, which opens early. Won't you both go down and have something to eat? Take a little turn in the air, too? It will be good for you."

"We'll do that," Paul said, and followed the doctor out into the hall.

"You can tell me the truth," he said in a low tone.

Dr. Hertzog watched the young man's haggard face. "It is as we expected, very, very bad—especially since she cannot move or walk to change her position. Aside from that, however, it is not unique. Other women I have seen suffering as much."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"But in other cases you would give them something . . . something to help?"

"That is so."

Paul felt a frenzy overcoming him. "I can't let her be tortured, doctor, even for this chance! Can't you see? I can't allow it! She's my wife! I have the right to decide."

Dr. Hertzog looked at him steadily. "I agree with your father. This chance we must take. We play for high stakes. But one thing I tell you. When we see she can endure no longer we shall give her medication at once. We will watch her every moment. I can promise you she will not be permanently harmed by this. I will," he added, a great kindness suffusing his face, "I will do to her as to my own child, no? Be brave now. Your part is hard but not the most hard."

They wrung each other's hands. "Give her my love," Paul said. Then in a moment he caught up with the older man at the elevator.

"Could you order something for Mr. Kirkland to make him relax a little? It's getting on my own nerves, watching him. I'm afraid he'll crack under this."

"Of course. Of course. I should have thought." He led the way back to the desk, and spoke to the nurse there.

"I am Dr. Hertzog, of Vienna. I am here in consultation with Dr. Leyton on a confinement case. I leave you now a prescription for the elderly gentleman awaiting news of his daughter with her husband here. Please to see that he has one tablet after his breakfast and one after his lunch. He refuses to leave the hospital. I thank you."

He wrote quickly and hurried off while the nurse stared at the paper and then at Paul. She did not smile, but her face was respectful.

"Maybe your case is something special at that," she said. "I'll see to this."

Breakfast in the crowded little shop, a turn on the front pavement, and back to the small waiting-room. It was Paul's turn then to grow respectful of the nursing profession. With complete control of the situation, a bright young thing in white presented Kirkland with the tablet, smiled with complete indifference at his violent opposition, placed it on his tongue, held a glass of water to his lips, and was gone before he could speak. It had its effect soon. He leaned his head against the back of the chair and slept, exhausted.

There was no further report until after lunch, then Dr. Hertzog appeared again, once more giving a sign that there was no real news. He himself looked very weary.

"Things are going along . . . It is very slow as it usually is with a first child. I am watching her with the greatest care . . ."

"No . . . no movement?" Kirkland asked.

"None, so far."

Kirkland drew a quick breath.

"Be patient. Try not to suffer too much yourselves," the doctor said. "Fix your minds upon something pleasant . . ."

He smiled. "As upon the child, for example."

Paul followed him outside again. He did not know that his grip on Dr. Hertzog's arm was painful.

"Give her something!" he said. "She can't go on like this. You said yourself it's worse for her than for a normal girl. I order you!"

The doctor's eyes behind his spectacles were compassionate, but unyielding.

"I shall do so when I know it

To page 53

is necessary and not before. I am used to responsibility, Mr. Devereux. I take it now. I do to her as to my own daughter. Control yourself. You must not be less brave than your wife."

The afternoon was endless, the heat intolerable. Paul felt as though he himself had died a thousand deaths. As though he were also under an opiate, his thoughts grew dull and confused. Kirkland slept on.

At five he saw a nurse pause outside the door and motion to him. His heart all but stopped as he hurried to meet her. She handed him a note, smiled, and disappeared. He opened it with a shaking hand. It was from Hertzog.

"Dr. Leyton and I agree that medication must now be given. Her suffering will be greatly eased or non-existent from this point on. But what we hoped would happen will not now occur. I will explain this to her father when I have the birth itself to report. It is better so—the good news with the bad."

Paul read it once and again, then went back to the room and stood by the window, staring blindly out at the street. The ghastly tension in himself as he had felt torn with Anne's suffering was released. Only the weariness now engulfed him, along with a black disappointment which amazed him. For he had steadily refused to think of the possibility of the miracle. It was as though he had felt that by keeping his mind free of it, even as Anne's was free, it was the more likely to happen. His hope had not been dominant, voiced, and implacable, like Kirkland's.

But he knew now it had been there, alive and waiting in his subconscious mind, an unselfish hope, that with the news of her child there could be brought to Anne also the radiant word of her cure. He stood there filled with a dull despair, for a long time; then he sank into his own chair and slept.

He woke at six o'clock with the supper sounds in the hall. Kirkland was still asleep. He looked old and worn and for

Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

from page 52

once—weak. Paul slipped out and down to the street for a turn in the air. He did not want to be away long, so he brought some food up from the coffee shop and ate what little he could in the room. He hoped Kirkland would sleep on until the final word came.

A tremendous excitement within him now superseded every other thought. The child! His and Anne's! Would the word come now before midnight? Before dawn?

It came at eight o'clock. The two doctors arrived together, Dr. Leyton still casually fit and cheerful, Dr. Hertzog haggard but beaming, too.

"You have a fine, healthy boy, Mr. Devereux. And your wife will be all right, too. She's still asleep."

Kirkland started up at the voices. His eyes took in the smiling doctors. "It's happened?" he said. "She has walked?"

Dr. Hertzog put an arm about his shoulders.

"Not that, my friend, but listen to our news. Your daughter has been safely delivered of a son. You are now a grandfather! Is that not cause for rejoicing now? You must believe me."

Kirkland stood as though frozen. "The child is born and she never moved?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Then," Kirkland said with sharp, bitter emphasis, "there is no more hope. She will never walk again."

Hertzog made a motion for the other two men to leave the room. "I will talk with him alone," he said, adding before Paul could speak, "and go with him back to his home."

Once in the hall, Dr. Leyton slapped Paul's back. "Well, your young man gave us all plenty of trouble, but what a beauty he turned out to be. Eight pounds and a half! Now, come along and have a look at him and then you can go into your wife's room and wait till she wakes up. Like to be

the first to tell her the news, eh?"

And suddenly Paul felt all weariness leave him and all disappointments. He was no longer even a creature of earth. His feet were winged; his head touched heaven. He talked wildly to Dr. Leyton, who somehow seemed to understand; he said strange, foolish things to the nurse who showed him the baby, and she, too, did not act in any way startled.

He tiptoed at last into Anne's room, took one look at the dear white face on the pillow, then, burying his own in his hands, he wept for the

Nobody ever listened himself out of a job.
—Calvin Coolidge

pain, the relief, the unspeakable joy of it, and the nurse there did not seem surprised either.

An hour passed and another before Anne's eyelids slowly opened. He bent over her.

"Darling," he whispered huskily, "can you understand me? It's a boy! We have a beautiful little son!"

Her eyes grew wide with wonder and joy. She could not speak, but she understood.

And now, more than ever before, happiness filled to overflowing the big house on the West Hill. All paths led to the nursery next to Anne's room as to a shrine, and the small creature there grew more beautifully engaging week by week. Anne herself bloomed in her motherhood, "remembering," as Dr. Hertzog had quoted to Paul, "no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world."

Mrs. Catherby came over

each day in spite of all advice to the contrary, insisting that the sight of her great-grandson put new life in her; and Paul understood, for he himself felt within him an upsurge of strength as though in body, as in heart, he was now invincible.

There was only one unexpected cloud. Anne spoke of it anxiously to Paul one evening as they sat together in the nursery.

"Whatever can be the matter with Jimmy?" she asked. "I thought he would be beside himself with pride and delight and, you know, he really isn't. He comes in and tries to make noises like a grandfather, but they don't ring true at all. Have you noticed? Do you know what's wrong?"

Paul thought. There was no point now in keeping the facts from her. Very gently he told her the story while Anne listened in amazement.

"So, you see," Paul ended, "he is still feeling that particular disappointment. Just give him a little time, dear, and he'll be as excited over the baby as anyone."

Anne's eyes were wide with incredulity.

"He believed I would get up . . . on my feet?"

"Yes. He made himself believe it."

"And Dr. Hertzog actually felt there was a chance?"

"Not a strong one, but still a possibility."

"And you?"

Paul hesitated. "I tried not to think much about it, but, of course, I hoped—for your sake."

"And no one told me? I might have had the joy of hoping, too." Her voice was piteous.

"But you see, dearest, we couldn't tell you. We didn't dare. Your knowledge might have destroyed the chance!"

"I'm not so sure," she said slowly. "If I'd known, I might really have tried . . . No, I see what you mean. Only

an unconscious reaction would have succeeded." She drew a long, quivering sigh. "But I understand now about Jimmy. He cared more about my walking than about the baby." She looked up, meeting Paul's eyes. "You didn't feel too disappointed . . . afterwards?"

"I never even thought of it then," he assured her honestly. "I was too happy."

"I'm glad for that. It makes it all more bearable. But the whole thought that there really was even a grain of hope for me has shaken me a little. And poor Jimmy! Why, he would be thinking of this, then, all the months before! And this was why he had Dr. Hertzog over! Oh, I see it all now, and his ghastly disappointment. Paul, when did he first tell you about it?"

Paul hedged carefully. "When we got back from our honeymoon he told me how eager he was for you to have a child and why."

Anne accepted this. "Well, knowing Jimmy as I do, this explains everything, even to his looking ill now. It's the reaction from all the strain. I believe, though, I'll get a doctor in somehow to give him a checkup. I'm sure he hasn't had one in years. Yes, I'll do that."

She was very quiet the rest of the evening and Paul's heart ached for her. He wished bitterly he had never told her of the hope at all. He felt now that it had been a cruel thing to do, even though all he had wished was to explain Kirkland's lack of enthusiasm over the baby. He tried his best now to divert her; but after they had gone to bed she wept wildly, hysterically against his breast and not all the outpouring of his love could calm her.

At last Paul got up and went into the nursery. He lifted the sleeping baby, carried it into their room and laid the warm, sweet little body in her arms. Then he knelt beside them, his grasp encircling them both.

"You have us, darling. We'll

To page 54

Here's the SPRAIN



Where's the SLOAN'S

The first dab of Sloan's Liniment, with its comforting tingle, almost instantly relieves the pain of muscular sprains or strains. Keep it always handy, as a guard against pain of bruises, aching stiff joints and rheumatic pains. Just pat it on—no rubbing.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2/9
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS HOME TREATMENT

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "Vanix." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "Vanix" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/6 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle. Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne. Myer Emporium, Melbourne. Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide. and Boons Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 18/6, including postage from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

SIGNIFICANT MEDICAL FACTS THROW NEW LIGHT ON TODAY'S TENSION AND ITS ASSOCIATED SYMPTOMS.

Worry, strain, stress, headache and nerve pains are symptoms of a health pattern that leads from minor non-specific ills to chronic health disorders. Stress can kill! The Stress of today's tension is mirrored in the faces around you—take positive action to defeat the symptoms before they tear your natural health defences.

'ASPRO' is a specific medicine for the relief of headache and pain and 'ASPRO' acts quickly, surely without harming vital bodily functions.

Signs of the Times . . .
'ASPRO'
DOES WHAT IT CLAIMS!

'ASPRO' brings positive and quick relief from headache and pain . . . 'ASPRO' will help you as it has helped millions. The familiar 'ASPRO' pack is in medicine chests, desk drawers, pockets and handbags the world over.

When you protect your health the 'ASPRO' way you take positive action against headache, cold and 'flu and the attendant pain of those non-specific ills that affect us all.

1 out of every 2 people in the world

. . . in other words 1,000 million people are reached by 'ASPRO' the proven medicine with a definite benefit to mankind.



Nicholas Product

A27/55

BUDGET PORTERHOUSE

Looks as inviting as porterhouse — tastes as delicious as porterhouse — but made from minced rissole steak. It's simple when you follow this exclusive Kraft Kitchen recipe.



"Try this chef's touch—add Bonox, to make this budget dish savoury, more satisfying," says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. finely minced rissole steak; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine, soft breadcrumbs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 1 teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; 1 dessertspoon Bonox; 1 tablespoon grated onion; 1 medium onion, sliced in onion rings; 1 dessertspoon butter.

METHOD:

Combine breadcrumbs, milk, salt, pepper, Bonox and grated onion in mixing bowl.

Add rissole steak and mix lightly, but thoroughly, with a fork. Turn mixture out on to waxed paper. Using a fork, shape meat into form of porterhouse steak 1" thick, pressing mixture firmly together. Place steak under a grill. Grill approximately 8 minutes. Turn steak and grill the second side approximately 6 minutes. Garnish with onion rings fried in 1 dessertspoon butter. Four servings.

Give all your cooking a flavour lift with

Bonox — new wide neck for easy spooning.

Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks . . . add it to soups, stews and gravies. Available in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28-oz. bottles. Eat it and drink it for a lift!



try always, always to make up to you for . . . the other."

She held the child close for a time, her cheek against the downy head, and then when Paul was again next her, she lay quietly listening to the tenderness of his voice. But she did not speak again. There was only the quivering, broken breaths, until at last she fell asleep.

It was some weeks before Kirkland could be persuaded to see a doctor, for at the first suggestion of such a thing from Anne he had shied violently from it. "I'm as fit as a fiddle! Nothing wrong with me. Just because the house is now overrun with doctors is no reason why I should get mixed up with them! And all this pediatrics business for the little fellow is nonsense, I think. Keep a baby comfortable, give it plenty to eat and then let it alone. That's my theory, but, of course, the modern way of doing . . ."

"Now, Jimmy, don't get yourself worked up. Just come and have a look at your grandson. Isn't he wonderful? Aren't you thrilled over him? Don't you want to hold him?"

"Not till he's a little bigger, and, of course, I'm thrilled. Why wouldn't I be? Fine child. Good head. Well, I must get along to the office. Good-bye."

He stopped and kissed Anne and patted the baby. At the door he looked back, wistfully.

"You're pretty . . . proud, Mouchie?"

"Proud!" Anne laughed back at him. "I feel as though the whole business of having a baby was my own private invention! As proud as that, sir! Now please don't work too hard, Jimmy. Come home early and have something cool to drink and meet the worshippers. They're still coming."

And they were. Those of Anne's friends and many of her mother's, who were still in town or near it, came with votive offerings to see the baby and rejoice with Anne, their normal interest quickened by the unusual circumstances. So

Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

from page 53

her sitting room was likely to be gay from five o'clock on, with Paul's friends adding to its liveliness.

It was the last week of August when Anne manipulated events so that on pretext of a slight cold she had their own physician at the house when Kirkland came home from the office.

"Just tell him, Dr. Scott, that you find I am worrying about him and for my sake you will go through the motions of checking him. I doubt myself whether there is anything really wrong, but my husband and I have been a little anxious lately."

The ruse worked. As always the love for his child overcame all else. Kirkland submitted to the examination in his own room, with poor grace, complaining loudly that a man couldn't call his life his own, when women got ideas, but yet he submitted. The doctor took a long time, then he stood off a little, surveying the man before him.

"I think," he said, "that you're used to giving and getting straight talk, aren't you?" "I hope so. What do you mean?"

"I mean you're not in good shape. You've got a very high blood pressure and it's lucky we caught it now before it does any more harm to your heart. We can bring it down if you'll co-operate. But you've got to slow up."

"Now, listen doctor . . ."

"You listen to me. I'm not fooling about this. You've got to rest every day for two hours, eat the diet I prescribe and take the medicine I'll give you. And you must not for any reason whatever allow yourself to become excited. Is that clear?"

"Clear as mud. I don't intend to . . ."

"If you don't," the doctor said, looking him in the eye,

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castle-rough Street, Sydney.

"I won't answer for the consequences. I'm giving it to you straight and I think you're smart enough to take it."

"Well, well," Kirkland said, looking abashed as well as stricken, "well, well, go ahead then. Fix me up."

"And you'll do your part?" "Oh, I suppose so. I'll have to, I guess, for Anne's sake."

"Right! That's the spirit. Suppose you drop in at my office tomorrow for a few tests and then I'll have the directions all ready for you. And don't worry about yourself! Just do what you're told and we'll make a new man of you."

"No need to bother Anne about all this, is there? She's still nursing the baby and I won't have her upset."

"I'll have to report to her since she arranged the interview."

"Well, tone it down then. I want your word on that."

The doctor hesitated. "If you give me yours that you'll follow my directions to the letter."

Kirkland groaned. "I'm as mad as the devil, you know, at finding there's anything at all the matter with me. But . . . I give you my word."

"Good. I'll have my nurse phone your office tomorrow morning and give you an appointment. Remember, ease up on everything, and keep calm."

Anne was pleased with the doctor's conversation with her. "His blood pressure is up so I'll give him some medicine for that and some diet suggestions, that's routine, you know. And I've told him to take things easier. At his age that's always a good thing."

"And he'll be all right?"

"You just browbeat him into seeing me once a month and I'll keep him in hand."

"I'll do that, if I have to have him dragged there. And I'll see he takes the medicine and all that. Oh, I'm awfully

relieved, now that you've seen him. Thank you so much, doctor."

She gave Paul the news that night and he, too, felt relief. "That's good, really. I knew there was something wrong but now that you've got the doctor on to him I'm sure he'll be fine. His spirits will come up, too. How's the young man? I have the hardest work holding out till quitting time. I'm so anxious to see him. Has he done anything new today?" In a moment they were adoringly beside the crib.

Kirkland was as good as his promise.

He took his medicine, he followed his diet, he came home early each afternoon and lay down till the dinner hour. Hackett kept an eagle eye on him, Anne fussed over him tenderly, and Paul noted his improved looks and congratulated him. He even himself admitted grudgingly that he was feeling better.

As September unfolded the city and the countryside, it was decided that the baby was old enough for weekends in the mountains. Anne was happy over going, admitting now how much she had missed the camp during the late summer. Davy and Hackett drove up one day to install some nursery equipment there, and on Friday Anne and Paul were to follow with the baby, with Kirkland coming on Saturday, since he wished to supervise some fall planting on the grounds before leaving.

However, the plans changed suddenly at the last moment. Paul was unexpectedly asked to speak at a Saturday night dinner. Since he already had contracted a cold he decided to stay home and nurse it till then. Seeing Anne's disappointment Kirkland cancelled the tree planting and went off with her Friday in the later afternoon.

"I'll be up Sunday as soon

To page 55

Are you in the know?



When walking's hazardous, what's correct?

- ☐ You take his arm ☐ He grips your elbow
☐ Let him carry you

High heels don't always mix with fractured footpaths . . . tram tracks . . . heavy traffic. Why wait for him to make like Sir Walter Raleigh, or steer you along by the elbow? Take his arm. And at times when certain other "hazards" beset you, take the precaution of choosing Kotex. You'll have extra protection with that special safety centre. So for accident insurance — say "Kotex." You'll find it's the best policy!

What brings out a suntan best?

- ☐ A hot bath ☐ A sparkling smile
☐ A white back-ground

Beauty and the beach can go together — even on problem days, thanks to Kotex. You can wear any beach clothes without a shadow of a doubt, because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that prevent outlines from tattling. So go ahead and get your sunning. (Just don't tease the boys until they toss you into the briny.) And try basking on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.



More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.



ONE DOZEN PACK 2/9 EVERYWHERE

How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- ☐ Tell the crowd Dad insists
☐ Say you need your beauty sleep
☐ Mention an early A.M. appointment

Partying is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so mention an early morning appointment. It's the smoothest way to exit. And for smoothness at "difficult" times, get Kotex — the napkin that's made to stay soft, keep its shape while wearing. And because of its extra absorbency and soft gauze, Kotex can't chafe.

Three guesses what girls forget most?

Forget to keep your mits well creamed . . . or weed out bristling brows? Not you! Fine. But how about remembering to buy a new sanitary belt? If you

keep putting it off till next time, maybe it's inspiration you need. Take a look at the five styles of Kotex belts when you get Kotex.

Continuing

The Golden Journey

from page 54

as I can get there," Paul promised. "I guess it's as well for me to keep this wretched head away from you all till then. Be careful now . . . Good-bye."

He watched them wistfully as they drove off, but there was nothing else to do but work during the evening on his speech and doctor his cold.

About nine o'clock he wanted a book he had noticed on the desk of Kirkland's study. He hurried down, found it, and was about to leave when the phone rang. He picked up the receiver. "Yes?" he said huskily, not realising this was not only Kirkland's habitual way of answering, but that his own throaty voice sounded now much like that of his father-in-law.

"Listen, Chief, we've run into something with C. Those men of his we bonded have skipped and their bonds are going to be forfeit and C says . . ."

It was Arno talking very fast, but at this point Paul broke in.

"This isn't the Chief, Arno. He left unexpectedly for the mountains. Be back Sunday night. Devereux speaking," he added.

He could feel the shock over the wire. Then Arno's voice came cool and casual. "Forget it!" he said, and hung up.

It was Paul this time who paused at the foot of the beautiful stairway as though he had not the strength to climb it. All the glad power he had felt within him these last weeks seemed to depart from him. He felt weak. All the straws of suspicion that the wind had borne to him before were as nothing compared to this crushing, unequivocal blow. For now there was no doubt.

With his own ears he had heard the truth from Arno. There was a definite link between Kirkland, the State boss, and the numbers racketeer and his kingdom of corruption. This was more than the machinations of ordinary political intrigue; this was alliance with the lowest form of evil; this was partnership with the devil.

He finally climbed the stairs, but he did not sleep till dawn.

For the first time in his campaign he felt himself less than forceful Saturday night. His voice was hoarse for one thing and his heart was heavy for another. Though it was late when he was free he drove on up to camp that night. He felt physically wretched and as though he might have a temperature, but though he knew he must not go too near to either Anne or the baby, he longed to see her and hear her voice as soon as possible.

He let himself quietly in with his own key, snapped on a light and made his way across to the large first-floor bedroom fraught with all the sweet memories of the honeymoon. He opened the door softly and spoke. In a second Anne, roused, startled, at his voice.

"Paul, is that you?"

"Yes, darling. I drove on out as soon as I could get away. I don't dare come near you for I'm full of this beastly cold. I just wanted to get here as fast as I could. I'll go upstairs, dear, and see you in the morning. Are you all right?"

Anne had put on the light and raised herself in bed. The frill of her nightdress dropped over one shoulder. "We're all right, but you look simply awful! I'm glad you came on tonight for you can stay in bed tomorrow and Davy will look after you. Are you sure you're not really sick? I am anxious!"

"Sure. Just a pip of a cold. How's the baby?"

"Good as gold! Wait a minute."

She had rung as she spoke and Davy appeared almost at once in her wrapper from the smaller room beyond.

"Look at this fellow, Davy! I think he needs some medicine. He turns up at this hour of the night white as a ghost one minute and scarlet the next. He thinks he should go upstairs. Will you look after him and dose him up?"

Davy took charge at once. "Come right along," she said to Paul, "and I'll have you fixed up in no time. We're as well stocked here as a drug-store!"

It was much easier, Paul decided next morning, to remain upstairs. He could not have endured a whole day spent in Kirkland's company. As it was he lay listening to his voice rising from the terrace mingled with Anne's laughter, and pondered on the mystery of the man. Strong, kindly, powerfully efficient, determined, passionately devoted to those he loved and capable of eliciting great love



"All girls are dopes—but you're the prettiest one."

in return; but also relentless in his ambitions, and completely without principle or conscience in the execution of them.

He groaned within himself and buried his face in the pillow. Anne . . . Anne. What of Anne in all this? He had waited for her sake; he had postponed a crisis; now there could not be much more delay. Not if he was to live in any sort of decency with his own soul.

Through the long day he planned what he would say to Kirkland, how he would open the momentous discussion, how he would proceed. As to the effect upon his own career—he did not dare to think of it.

The following week brought Paul a further revelation.

Their firm had been handling a big damage case for the Public Building Authorities. The matter concerned land taken for sewage disposal on the north side, and the attorney representing the group of property owners was Sheffield, a very clever lawyer not noted for his probity. Paul had had tilts with him before and knew his shrewd but completely unethical ingenuity, so he had worked doubly hard on this case which was to come up at mid-September.

The first day he was able to be back at the office, a call came from Sheffield.

"Hello, Devereux, how's tricks?"

"Pretty good, I guess."

"You guess. I won't buy that. I think you're always plenty sure of yourself. Well, I'd like to ask a favor."

"Yes?"

"I'd like you to agree to have time extended on this damage case. Some of my experts aren't ready."

"I'm sorry, but I can't agree to that, Sheffield. The date for the hearing has been set and I want to stick to it. The fifteenth is the latest I can manage for I'll be running into some pretty busy weeks after that."

"Oh, yes. Your campaign."

"That's right."

"And you feel you can't agree to an extension?"

"No, I'm sorry, but I can't."

Sheffield's voice grew uncomfortably suave. "Well now, look here. Our office has done plenty for you in this campaign of yours. Surely you can grant us a little favor?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, my biggest client has poured out plenty of money to finance the ticket. I suppose you know it takes some, don't you?"

Paul's tone was ice. "A great many contributions come in for expenses. That is no news."

"But what I'm talking about is different, my fine young friend. You wouldn't get to first base without my client's support, financial and otherwise. Now about . . ."

"Who is your client?" His lips were stiff on the words, for he suddenly knew the answer that would come.

"Why, Camponelli. The big C. Don't tell me you're Kirkland's white-headed little boy and didn't know that. And, as I said, the stork doesn't bring the campaign funds these days. Now, Devereux, about this time extension, if you'll just okay it . . ."

"You've already had my answer on that," Paul said sharply. "I will not agree. I'm busy right now, Sheffield, so if you'll excuse me . . ."

He started to hang up, but not before he had heard Sheffield's heavy-breathed, "Why, you young fool! I'll apply to court for an adjournment . . ."

Paul got up at once and went into Hartwell's office. His white face startled the old man.

"What's wrong, Paul? Is it as bad as you look?"

"Bad enough. I found out accidentally last week that Kirkland is in direct league with Camponelli. Arno apparently operates as liaison man. Just now Sheffield called me for a time extension on the damage case and tried to blackmail me into giving it because he says Camponelli's his client and has put money into the campaign."

Hartwell's face looked strange.

"You agreed to the extension?" he asked quietly.

"I did not. And I've got to have a showdown with Kirkland at once. There's no other way possible."

Hartwell let his eyeglasses drop on their black ribbon, pushed back his chair, rose stiffly, walked around the desk and held out his hand. His eyes were definitely misty.

"This, I think, is one of the best days of my life," he said. "I've hoped for this, waited for it, but I didn't expect it so soon. I suppose you realise this could affect your own ambitions?"

"I do."

"But you're going ahead in any case?"

"I've got to."

"Then bless you, my son," the old man said, and wrung Paul's hand.

"I probably have more information," he went on, "whenever you want it. I didn't feel free to offer it before."

"I'll take it all," Paul answered. "I'll need it now." Then unable to say more, he turned and went back to his own desk.

To be concluded



Wine really makes your meal

There's nothing quite so relaxing, so soothingly convivial as dinner and a fine Australian wine shared with friends. Wine is the healthiest of all drinks with meals . . . it improves digestion, promotes inner harmony, lends charm to the simplest occasion.

SAUTERNES, CHABLIS, ROCK, RIESLING, MOSELLE . . . these are the light and lovely White Table Wines, always served cold.

CLARET and BURGUNDY are the dry, light and fresh Red Table Wines. Jewel coloured and wonderful to look at, they altogether live up to their looks!



Summer Wine Drinks



Cool, moderate, and so inexpensive . . . tall wine coolers are wonderful all summer, perfect for parties. Try this SPRITZER . . . fill half a tall glass with your favourite wine—red or white, dry or sweet. Add your favourite cordial or soft drink with ice.

If you'd like more recipes for simple wine coolers, write for the FREE booklet, SUMMER WINE DRINKS. Other Free Booklets: Wine Guide and Cooking with Wine. Send your name and address to:

WINE INFORMATION CENTRE

Box 4017, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 2500, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 2138, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 11610, G.P.O., Perth. Box 1554, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 809H, G.P.O., Hobart.

Life is more pleasant with **WINE!**

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD.

AW 47/43a

Page 55

Bet you've never tasted
savoury pie like this new recipe

"Perfect Pantry Pie"



HOW TO MAKE Swift "Perfect Pantry Pie"

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 6 ozs. short crust
pastry | 1 tablespoon chopped
spring onions |
| 1 tin Swift Camp Pie | 2 tablespoons grated
cheese |
| 2 cups cubed cooked
potatoes | 1 tablespoon chopped
green pepper |
| 1 level teaspoon
mustard | 1 tablespoon chopped
red pepper |
| 1½ cups medium
thickness white
sauce | Salt and pepper to
taste |

Line a greased tart plate with half the pastry. Add the cheese, spring onions, red and green peppers to the white sauce and fold in the cubed potatoes and cubed Swift Camp Pie. Spread this mixture on top of the uncooked pastry. Brush the edges with milk and cover with the remainder of the pastry. Glaze with milk and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat to moderate and continue cooking for a further 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Swift

CAMP PIE in jelly

- So good and tasty
- So meaty, firm and juicy
- Enclosed in a palate-pleasing jelly



And remember

Swift

LUNCHEON BEEF

A tasty firm meat. Easy to slice and ready for instant serving.



SWAS MW/WCP/29-2



Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD!

Swift Australian Company (Pty.) Limited
Nationwide manufacturers and distributors of famous food products

Page 56

Pastry out of a BAKEO packet!

— the quickest, easiest
way of all . . .



Today most housewives have turned to Bakeo instead of mixing their own pastry. Here are the complete ingredients, already mixed, for making the most delightful pastry of all. Just add water, or milk, and roll out — that's all. It takes only a few minutes to make Bakeo pastry, and it's perfect every time.



IT'S QUICK — IT'S PERFECT — IT'S GUARANTEED

MAXAM

BAKEO

THE ORIGINAL PASTRY MIX

— and always
ask for

MAXAM CHEESE

Fresh from
Sunny Queensland

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 29, 1956

ONE HOT DISH

By LEILA C.
HOWARD,
Our Food and
Cookery Expert

• Don't avoid hot food just because the weather is hot—it is just as necessary for balanced eating in summer as it is in winter.

WEARINESS at the end of a summer day is frequently put down to the heat when it is really caused by not eating enough.

For good health and for energy that does not flag when the thermometer soars, protein foods are essential. These include milk, cheese, eggs, lean meat, and fish.

Cold food served too often becomes monotonous, and hot food, well prepared and attractively served, has a stimulating effect on summer-jaded appetites.

That doesn't mean the whole meal has to be hot. Try including one hot dish, either sweet or savory, in an otherwise cold meal, and note the family's reaction.

Try some of the recipes on this page. Served as the one hot dish on the menu they make a refreshing change.

Spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

SAVORY SHIN OF VEAL
(Called *ossibuco milanais* in Italy, where it is served with red wine)

Two pounds shin of veal, 2oz. good shortening, 1 pint white wine or cider, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 2lb. tomatoes, sprig of rosemary, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 clove garlic, 1-3rd cup chopped parsley, rice.

Have the butcher cut the shin of veal into 2in. lengths. Heat the shortening in a heavy pan, add the pieces of veal, and brown lightly. Then stand the pieces of veal on end, add the wine, stock, skinned chopped tomatoes, and rosemary. Season with salt and pepper, add sugar. Cover closely and simmer 1½ hours. Arrange on serving-dish. Mix very finely chopped garlic with grated lemon rind and parsley, sprinkle over the top. Serve bordered with rice.

POTATO-CAPPED MEAT LOAF

One and a quarter lb. minced beef, 4 rashers fat bacon, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 8 tablespoons fresh breadcrumbs, scant ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, salt to taste, pepper, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2lb. cooked potatoes (mashed with butter, salt, pepper, and hot milk).

Mix meat with finely chopped bacon. Add onion, breadcrumbs, milk, and sauce mixed with beaten egg; season with salt, pepper, and lemon rind. Blend all ingredients lightly together, pack into a greased loaf-tin, and level the top. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Prepare potatoes when meat loaf is nearly cooked. Turn loaf out on to an oven-slide, coat all over with mashed potatoes. Smooth the sur-



SAVORY shin of veal flavored with parsley, lemon rind, and garlic is an unusual and delicious hot dish to highlight an otherwise cold meal. See the recipe at left.

face with a knife dipped in milk, or rough the surface up with a fork. Return to moderate oven and bake until potato covering is lightly browned. Serve in slices with brown onion gravy.

RHUBARB AND COCONUT PUDDING

One bunch rhubarb, 2 tablespoons sugar, scant ½ cup coconut, 1½ cups cornflakes, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind of ½ lemon, 4 tablespoons rhubarb syrup.

Wash rhubarb well, trim ends and cut into 2in. lengths. Simmer gently with sugar and 2 or 3 tablespoons water for 5 minutes, or until almost tender. Drain off the syrup. Mix cornflakes, coconut, lemon rind, and brown sugar. Sprinkle some of the mixture into a greased ovenware dish. Add a layer of rhubarb, then a layer of coconut mixture. Continue until dish is full, ending with a coconut layer. Mix lemon juice with the 4 tablespoons rhubarb syrup and pour over the top. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot with cream.

PINEAPPLE CRISP

Two large green apples, 1 cup tinned crushed pineapple drained free of syrup, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, scant ½ cup brown sugar, scant ½ cup plain flour, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Peel and core apples, chop finely, mix with sugar and pineapple. Place in greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with nutmeg. Mix brown sugar and flour, rub in butter until mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle over the fruit. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes until lightly browned. Serve hot with cream or ice-cream.

OXTAIL WITH HARICOT BEANS

One oxtail, fat, flour, salt, pepper, onion, 1 large carrot, 2 cloves garlic, sprig of fresh parsley, thyme and marjoram, 1½ pints stock or water, 3 peeled chopped tomatoes, ½ cup cooked haricot beans or 1 small tin baked beans, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cut well-washed oxtail into joints, coat lightly with flour, salt, and pepper. Heat fat in heavy saucepan, add oxtail, thickly sliced carrot and

onion, and cook steadily until lightly browned. Drain off excess fat, add crushed garlic, fresh herbs, stock, and tomatoes. Bring slowly to the boil, cover, and simmer 2 to 3 hours according to size and age of oxtail. Remove the oxtail joints and allow gravy to stand until it becomes quite cold—overnight if possible, as the flavor improves if the dish is prepared the day before serving. Remove all fat from gravy, return meat. Add cooked haricot beans or tinned baked beans and simmer 15 minutes longer. Serve on hot dish sprinkled with chopped parsley.

BAKED LAMB WITH TURNIPS

One pound swede turnips, 1½lb. lamb shoulder cut into 4 chunky pieces, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 large onion (coarsely chopped), 4 medium tomatoes, chopped parsley.

Peel turnips thickly, cut into ½in. slices. Place in ovenware dish with lamb. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, add a layer of onion. Remove skin from tomatoes by dropping into boiling water for a few seconds or by holding on a fork in a gas flame

until skin splits; in both cases the skin then peels off easily. Cut tomatoes in halves, arrange on top of meat. Cover closely, bake in moderate oven 2½ hours without lifting the lid. Uncover, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve.

SAVORY LAMB-POT ROAST

Half lb. of lamb, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons chutney, 4 tablespoons water, salt and pepper, 2 dessertspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, blended flour to thicken gravy.

Rub flour into surface of meat, dust with salt and pepper. Brown joint slowly on all sides in hot fat in heavy saucepan—this takes about 15 minutes. Drain off all but one tablespoon of the fat. Add chutney, water, sugar, sauces, and vinegar. Cover saucepan closely (place on an asbestos mat if saucepan is light). Cook gently 2 hours, according to size of joint. Turn meat and baste with the gravy every 20 minutes. Lift on to hot serving-dish, thicken gravy with blended flour.

Swedish sweet wins prize

● A luscious sweet, Layered Swedish Torte, wins this week's main recipe prize of £5 for a Tasmanian reader.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 are awarded for recipes for salmon and celery loaf—a good one to keep in mind for a meatless meal—and passionfruit jam, which is richly flavored but easy to make. All spoon measurements are level.

LAYERED SWEDISH TORTE

Eight ounces flour, 6oz. good shortening, iced water, 2 cups apple pulp, whipped sweetened cream, warm icing, glace cherries, angelica.

Sift flour into a basin and cut in shortening, using two knives. Mix to dry dough with iced water, cover, and chill in refrigerator. Divide into 6 or 7 portions, rolling each portion to a thin, round shape. Prick all over with a fork, lift carefully on to greased trays, and bake one or two at a time in hot oven 6 to 8 minutes. Loosen with a knife, leave on trays until cold. Spread pastry rounds with apple pulp and cream, and stack one on top of the other. Ice top layer with

warm icing, and decorate with cherries and angelica.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. A. Burleigh, 27 Robin St., Launceston, Tas.

BAKED SALMON AND CELERY LOAF

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1lb. tin salmon (or fish cutlets), 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 small chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, 3 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs, ½ cup breadcrumbs.

Melt shortening in saucepan, stir in flour, add milk gradually, and stir over low heat until thick. Add flaked salmon and salmon liquor, cream or evaporated milk, celery, onion, parsley, mustard, salt and pepper. Mix in unbeaten egg-yolks, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased loaf-tin, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and bake,

standing in a pan of hot water, in moderate oven 35 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Fogarty, 133 Currajong St., Parkes, N.S.W.

PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Passionfruit, 1 lemon, sugar, water.

Cut required number of passionfruit, and scoop out pulp into a basin. Place skins in large saucepan, cover with water, and heat until boiling. Cool slightly and remove softened inner skins. Add to fruit pulp and measure into a saucepan. Add 1 cup of sugar for each cup of pulp, and bring slowly to the boil. Add lemon juice, and simmer until jam jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Perkins, 208 Ben Boyd Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.



LAYERED Swedish Torte, a delicious sweet for party occasions or for a special family treat, which wins this week's main prize of £5. The recipe is given at left.

Tony's luxury dish

"THIS recipe for Supreme de Volaille Joan of Arc makes an ideal dish for the cold buffets so popular at receptions and parties," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

For six persons you will need:

Two boiling fowls (2½lb. each), 6 tablespoons prepared goose liver, 2 cups hot chicken veloute (thick sauce made with butter, flour and chicken stock), ½ cup cream, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 6 sliced truffles, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, 6 slices ham, tarragon leaves (if available).

Boil the fowls until tender, allow to cool. Carefully remove the breasts and cut each breast lengthwise into three parts. Flatten and trim to an oval shape. Spread foie gras smoothly over each piece and place in refrigerator to chill. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot chicken veloute. When gelatine is dissolved and mixture cooled slightly, add the cream, season with salt and pepper.

Cover the pieces of fowl with the sauce, taking care that this is done just before the sauce begins to set. Chill until set. Place ham slices on a platter in an oval shape, and cover with the pieces of fowl. Decorate with truffles and tarragon leaves.

FAMILY DISH

INEXPENSIVE round steak, well flavored and seasoned, makes this week's family dish. This dish is very satisfying, costs 6/6, and serves four or five.

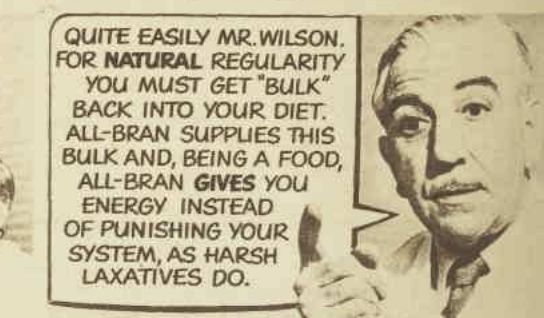
STEAK AND ONION ROLLS

One and a half pounds round steak, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 4 or 5 small onions, ½ cup flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 1½ cups chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1

tablespoon grated horseradish or 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, 8 or 10 pieces potato (allow 2 per person).

Trim steak, remove skin. Cut into four or five pieces; pound until flattened, season lightly with salt and pepper. Peel onions, place one on each piece of steak. Fold steak over onions and secure with cocktail sticks or tie with coarse thread. Coat each roll with flour, then brown all over in hot fat in heavy pan. Turn rolls frequently for even browning.

Add tomatoes, sauce, horseradish, and salt and pepper to pan. Place lid on and simmer 30 minutes or cook in pressure-cooker 10 minutes. Remove lid or reduce pressure in pressure-cooker, arrange potatoes on top. Replace lid and simmer further 50 to 60 minutes or pressure-cook further 15 minutes. Depending on ripeness of tomatoes, a little extra stock or water may be necessary before second cooking. Serve garnished with parsley. If thread was used, remove before serving.



BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS —the way Nature intended

All-Bran*, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, restores regularity the natural way by supplying the bulk lacking in modern foods. Rich in whole bran, minerals and vitamins, All-Bran builds up your vitality instead of draining it away and leaving you with dull nagging headaches. Enjoy All-Bran sprinkled over your breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with milk and sugar. Drink plenty of water. If, after 10 days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back.



* ALL-BRAN IS A TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

AB 55-4

Save as you 'cream' with delicious Carnation...

Just punch and pour straight from the tin . . .

This creamy treat saves you time and money . . . adds enticing flavour. Simply pour straight over fruit or cereals, puddings or pies.

Couldn't be tastier, easier, creamier — and what a saving you make! Good cooks love Carnation. Instead of using high-priced cream for coffee or desserts, they use Carnation Milk. Buy several tins today — all your family will love Carnation, too!



MORE CLEVER WAYS OF CREAMING AND SAVING WITH CARNATION!



COFFEE. You don't know how good coffee can be till you 'cream' it with Carnation. Make it black, 'cream' with Carnation — and taste all that full fragrant coffee aroma!



SWEETS. Fruits — fresh, tinned, or bottled — puddings, pies and flummeries, are twice as nice creamed with double-rich Carnation. It's a signal for second helpings!



CEREALS. Creaming cereals or porridge with Carnation makes all the difference. They'll eat every spoonful and come back for more.



The Famous Lucke Quads are thriving on Carnation. No other form of milk for baby's bottle is so safe . . . none is so nourishing or so digestible. Ask your Doctor or Health Centre about Carnation.

Carnation is a better cooking milk, because it is top quality, country-fresh milk evaporated to double richness — so rich it whips, so creamy it blends perfectly with all other ingredients. If the recipe calls for milk or cream — use Carnation!

Carnation MILK

'from Contented Cows'



At your grocer's in handy 6 oz. table size tins, and big 14 1/2 oz. tins with recipes on the labels.

Insulating homes

Mrs. MacIntosh (the name is mine) has the building problem of a climate that fluctuates between extremes of temperature in summer and winter.

By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

"MOST of the older buildings in the district are heavy stone," she explained. "These are more comfortable both for summer and winter conditions than the timber-framed houses which are now being built.

"Unfortunately, stonemasons are a dying race, and the nearest brickyard is 200 miles away. It looks as if

we shall be forced to build in timber, so I'm anxious to include anything which will keep the home comfortable in our climate."

"Some of the comfort of the old stone houses can be reproduced in timber if thought is given to planning and construction," I said.

"Some old houses have stone walls 18 inches thick," she pointed out. "It seems impossible to get anything like the protection with

the flimsy-looking frame of a weatherboard building."

"Heavy stone or brick has some disadvantages compared with well-insulated timber," I explained. "For instance, walls in heavy constructions have a tendency to heat up slowly in summer, giving coolness in the daytime.

"But heat is stored up in the masonry and dissipated slowly at night, creating hot sleeping conditions. In winter, on the other hand, masonry may absorb a lot of moisture, and a great deal of heat is used up in drying out the walls which would otherwise heat the interior."

"I can never understand how insulation keeps a house warm in winter and cool in summer," said Mrs. MacIntosh. "It seems to be reversing the use of insulation."

"You may understand it more clearly if you think of insulation as a barrier to the transfer of heat," I said. "In summer the outside temperature is higher than inside, and insulation provides a barrier that prevents heat being transferred to the inside.

"In winter, with some form of interior heating, the insulation prevents loss of heat through the walls and saves fuel by maintaining a comfortable temperature."

"Are these insulation materials expensive?" Mrs. MacIntosh asked.

"There are numerous types available," I said, "varying in cost and effectiveness. They take the form of porous wall-boards for internal linings and granular materials or compressed blocks of mineral and vegetable fibres which are concealed between the outer and inner linings of the building."

"These insulators are made of materials which have low heat-conducting properties and contain a number of air pockets. Air confined in this way has in itself very good insulating properties."

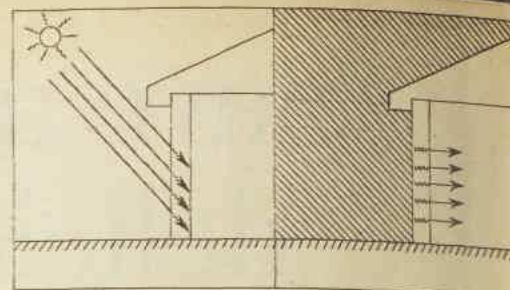
Cheap, efficient

"A CHEAP and efficient insulation has been developed in the form of shiny aluminium foil. These shiny surfaces are concealed in walls or ceilings to face the hot side and deflect the heat."

"This type of material has the further advantage of waterproofing walls and roofs of timber houses against wind-driven rain which may find weaknesses in tile roofs and weatherboards."

"I suppose windows would always be a weak point," said Mrs. MacIntosh.

"For the extremely cold climates of snow country this can



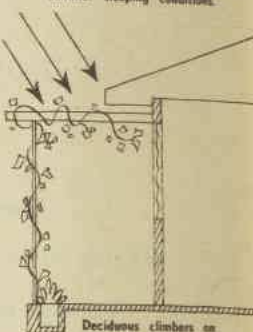
Heavy masonry provides resistance to heat of sun

At night time stored heat of walls transferred to interior of house providing uncomfortable summer sleeping conditions.

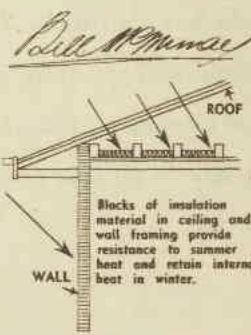
be overcome by using double sheets of glass in windows.

"For high summer temperature plenty of shade should be provided by roof overhangs, hoods, or pergolas. Deciduous climbers on pergolas provide regulated shade."

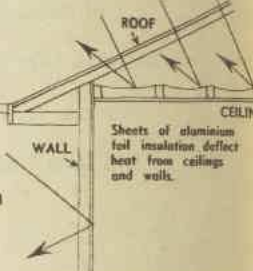
"It is important to place windows so as to get protection from unpleasant prevailing winds, both in winter and in summer. A timber-framed house, well insulated, can be more comfortable than heavier and more expensive types of construction."



Deciduous climbers on pergolas provide summer shade and let the sun in during cold winter days.



Blocks of insulation material in ceiling and wall framing provide resistance to summer heat and retain internal heat in winter.



Sheets of aluminium foil insulation deflect heat from ceilings and walls.

Skin conditions

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

AT this time of the year babies and little children often suffer from various irritating skin rashes.

In the moist, hot weather a baby's delicate skin is likely to chafe and buttocks to become scalded unless great care is taken not to let him get overheated or overfed.

Prickly heat is one of the commonest of hot-weather rashes and is extremely irritating. It is nearly always caused by the baby being over-clothed and is aggravated by lack of fresh air.

Hives appear in various forms, but usually as red, itchy pimples which look very much like bites.

Hives can be constitutional or caused by general over-feeding or overfeeding with one particular food. The child may be allergic to something in the diet.

This type of rash is often aggravated during teething periods. If it is extensive it is best to get the advice of a skin specialist, whose tests often show what article or articles in the diet are the contributing cause.

A leaflet describing these and other simple skin rashes can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped, addressed envelope must be sent with each request.

How to dress SIX daughters and Save Money!

"I've proved that clothes give longer wear washed in Velvet Soap"

says young Mrs. CALLAGHAN, of State School, Sassafra, Victoria.

MEET THE PRETTY CALLAGHANS. There's a little bit of Ireland about these laughing-eyed Callaghan girls. "And about their high spirit, too," adds their mother. "They're often in mischief . . . and their clothes are always in the wash. I'm certainly glad of Velvet's extra-soapy suds for those extra grimy parts! And Velvet makes their clothes last so well they can be handed down to the younger ones."



OUTSIZE WASH-UP. "We all help when washing-up's on, Aunt Jenny," says Mrs. Callaghan. "With Velvet's lovely soapy suds we clean up in no time and good, pure Velvet is so gentle for the skin—it keeps my hands nice and smooth."



Buy the big economy bar and save money

says Aunt Jenny

V.224.WW746



For baby's
tender
skin...

Baby's delicate skin must be cared for with the very purest soap—that's why more mothers choose pure, mild PEARs than any other toilet soap. Each amber tablet is matured for 14 weeks to ensure perfect purity and mildness. Keep your baby's skin petal smooth.



**UPSET
Stomach
?
Heartburn
?
YOU NEED
Hardy's**

INDIGESTION POWDER
(also available in tablet form)
Proved over years
in thousands of cases
NO DIETING NECESSARY

**HAVE YOU
Chicken
Feather
Legs?**
SARITOL keeps legs hair-free
... and smooth. SARITOL—
1/2 each or 1/2 the new Right-
Pack, 3 for 2/6, everywhere.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 856, G.P.O., Auckland.

F4036.—Slim-line belt-less two-piece. The belt-less line is a new approach to fashion for the autumn season. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



F4036

F4037

F4038

F4037.—Smart buttoned-front one-piece with a two-piece look. A self-material cuff accents the hipline. The skirt is gathered. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4038.—Flattering one-piece with a pretty scarf neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4039

F4039.—Slender sheath dress has perfectly tailored lines. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F4041



F4040.—Autumn late-day coat is finished with a low-slung belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4040

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4041.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make half-petticoat designed with a fitted hipline. Sizes 36 to 42in. hipline. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 2yds. lin. lace edging. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

183



No. 183.—CHILD'S PLAY APRON
The apron is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is handcloth. The color choice includes white, pink, blue, green, and lemon. The bias binding for apron edge is not supplied. Sizes: 2 years 18/11, postage and registration 1/- extra; 3 years 21/3, postage and registration 1/- extra; 4 years 21/8, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 5 years 22/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 6 years 22/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 184.—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS

Small girl's one-piece autumn dress is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is cotton clan tartan with a fancy-lined finish. The clan choice includes Dress Stewart, Royal Stewart, Victoria, Prince Charles. The dress is finished with a white pique collar. Sizes: Length 29in. for 4 years 22/11, postage and registration 1/8 extra; 23in. for 5 years 24/6, postage and registration 1/8 extra; 26in. for 6 years 25/3, postage and registration 1/8 extra; 34in. for 10 years 25/11, postage and registration 1/8 extra.

No. 185.—LUNCHEON SET

The set, with matching table napkins, is obtainable cut out ready to make in cream and white Irish linen. Sizes: Large mat 15 x 17in., place mat 15 x 11in., cup and saucer mat 9 x 9in., and table napkin 11 x 11in. Nine-piece set, including 1 large, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 18/11, postage and registration 1/8 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 large, 6 plate and 6 cup and saucer mats 23/6, postage and registration 2/- extra. Table napkins 1/3 each, postage 3d. extra.

No. 186.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Smart dress obtainable cut out ready to make in striped cotton. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes 22 to 34in. bust 28/6, postage and registration 2/6 extra; 36 and 38in. bust 29/6, postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

184



185



186



for mother's
radiant
complexion

Your skin will be as fine and petal smooth as baby's if you care for it with pure, mild PEARs. The 14 weeks' maturing process makes PEARs purer for baby—milder for you. So treat your complexion to a new, radiant loveliness. Pears lasts so much longer, too.



PS.74.WW81q

Don't be
HALF-SAFE!



New super-smooth cream deodorant

**SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION
1 TO 3 DAYS**

Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending—unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smother, creamier Arrid:

INSTANTLY STOPS PERSPIRATION and keeps armpits dry safely—as proved by leading doctors. Removes odor from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action. WON'T ROT CLOTHES.

New creamy-soft Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving.

Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient—Perstop—your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

ARRID
Now with Perstop
for
Super Creaminess



*It puts a rose in
every cheek*

of these happy
little triplets
Maija, lewa and Zane



Maija, lewa and Zane are the charming triplet daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ezergailis. The triplets were born 2 years after Mr. and Mrs. Ezergailis arrived in Australia. "We've been in Australia for 5 years now", says their happy mother, "and it's certainly a wonderful country in which to bring up a family. One of the first new food friends we made was Vegemite. The triplets enjoy some every day — it keeps them really healthy."

Every day kiddies need
VEGEMITE for
Vitality



Available in 2 and 4 oz. jars, 6 oz. re-usable glasses, and the economical family-size 8 and 16 oz. jars.



For a better start in the mornings spread Vegemite on toast — a vitamin-rich breakfast.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His Nubian servant, discovers that Grax has a secret H-bomb plant on the "Isle of the Giant" and that a kidnapped atomic scientist works for him.

Grax has Princess Narda and Sir Harry brought from the yacht at gunpoint and is about to kill them as well as Mandrake when the plastic pieces of Grax's "giant" suddenly fly together. **NOW READ ON:**



A NAVAL VESSEL IS SENT TO ARREST THE PLOTTERS.

TO BE CONTINUED



"I thought my
beach coat was white...
until I saw Julie's
PERSIL-WHITE COAT!"



Don't wait for an embarrassing moment like this. Change to Persil now. Whether you use a copper or washing machine, you'll find Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. Millions of busy suds work through and through the weave till every bit of dirt is out. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanliness! And Persil is gentle to ALL your wash—kind to your hands, too.

PERSIL WASHES WHITER—
that means cleaner!



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



"MADGE." — Slender-line, front-buttoned pinafore-dress made in shadowcord rayon-wool. The color choice includes grey, mustard, aqua, and deep red.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 86/6, 36 and 38in. bust 87/11. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 66/6, 36 and 38in. bust 67/11. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

"LEAH." — Smartly styled short-sleeved blouse made in rayon crepe. The color choice includes white, blue, and pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 42/6, 36 and 38in. bust 43/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

"CYD." — Beltless one-piece made in marle melange. The color choice includes junior navy, teal-green, and twilight-blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 90/3, 36 and 38in. bust 91/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 70/3, 36 and 38in. bust 71/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.





Children, when going to School or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any street.

Mothers, safeguard your children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits in their School lunch.

Let their even colour be your guide and the name ARNOTT your protection when buying biscuits for your children.



There is no Substitute for Quality.